

SPECIAL

SELF-DENIAL  
NUMBER  
OF THE  
**WAR CRY**

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN  
CANADA, NORTH WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

18<sup>th</sup> YEAR, NO. 7

TORONTO, SAT. NOV. 13<sup>th</sup> 1892.

J. E. LAUGHLIN

## Self-Denial Storiettes.

By BRIGADIER GASKIN.

HE thought of Self-Denial stirs up the most pleasant recollections—of battles fought, of victories won, of grace bestowed, of power received, and the awakening of the new joy in the heart.

Tales of Self-Denial will be told in heaven, and many of the saints there glorified with starry crowns adorning their shining heads will relate how grace sustained, and how love conquered self, and Christ was first, last—yea, all and in all.

An Army lassie-Captain was standing with her collecting-box outside a railway station, soliciting donations for the annual Self-Denial effort from the throngs who passed by. Gentlemen in shiny, tall hats and closely-fitting frock coats with the inevitable bouquet in button-hole, passed hurriedly by, some scarcely noticing the frail figure whose pleading face and eloquent appeal vainly endeavored to arrest their attention on behalf of the needs of the poor, if but for a moment.

Some scorned, some jeered, and some made fun of the delicate girl; a few, more benevolent than the majority, slipped a coin into the slit in the box, and hastened on their way to business. Still, the result of the morning's work was not very gratifying and the Captain was feeling somewhat discouraged, when along trips an elderly woman, scantily clothed, but neat and clean, and with a sweet, though somewhat pinched face, which

was of toil and poverty. Passing by

and said, "God

uttering the

a ticket

Captain

the

got together for the home, the children got some better clothes, but it was a hand to hand fight with poverty.

Self-Denial Week had come round, what could they do? They were too poor to spare much—Tom could collect but that was not personal Self-Denial. Meat was given up for the week, sugar, butter and tea were denied a place on the table. The D. O. paid a visit on Self-Denial Sunday, when poor Tom said, "I'd like you to stay for dinner, but we've nothing only bread and potatoes, we've no meat, it's Self-Denial. I can't do much for Jesus, but I must do something. If we'd a bit of meat I'd ask you to stay."

"But why should I have meat when you are depriving yourself of it?"

The tears sprang into Tom's honest brown eyes and ran down his manly face as he said, "Staff, God has done nothing for you compared to what He has done for me. All I have He's given me. My life is changed, my home is changed, all is changed. He's done it, bless Him, He's done it! He's done it all, and if I could but do more for Him I would. It's all too little in return for what He's done for me."

Self-Denial is here, dear reader. Has God not done great things for you whereof you are glad? What are you going to do in return for all His love and mercy?

Let your answer be practical. Deny yourself! Do all you can, give all you are able to help the Salvation Army "compel them to come in, that My house may be filled."

### "TAKE SARAH!"

"Tis said that once upon a time  
A teacher sought to wed  
A certain damsel, rather aged,  
Professing to be led  
By God, Who always guided right,  
And him with manna fed—  
So he said!

But afterwards he Sarah met,  
Who led his heart astray;  
Said he, "I cannot take the two,  
Nor will one run away!  
I'll ask the Lord to show me which  
He'd have me take to-day—  
Let us pray!"

One week he waited  
To his prayer;  
morning.

"Don't you hear?  
Take Sarah!  
Sarah!—there!"

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**I**N view of the ever-widening and increasing issues of our yearly Self-Denial effort, and in view of the numbers of newly-made soldiers and friends who possibly have not had full opportunity to acquaint themselves with the meaning, the origin, and use, of this gigantic enterprise, and also in consideration of misunderstanding which may still exist in the minds of others, we submit the following in the hope that the question may be made clear and plain to all, being assured that but one effect can be the result—viz., a more numerous, united, hearty and energetic effort to push this Christ-like endeavor to reach a degree of success greater than hitherto reached.

**(1) What is the meaning of the Army's annual Self-Denial?**

It means *actual* denial of self, in some form or other, for the benefit of that part of God's kingdom known as the Salvation Army.

**(2) Is it during one week in the year alone that Salvationists deny themselves?**

No; the life of a true Salvationist is in many respects a continual self-denial, but during this particular week *special* acts of self-denial are suggested; the nature of such acts is left entirely to the choice of the individual, but generally speaking, the idea is joyfully taken up, and is often carried to *extraordinary* extent.

**(3) Is the denial of self really essential in order that God's kingdom may be advanced?**

The denial of self is most essential to any and every one who would be a *true* disciple, or follower of Jesus.

**(4) Why so?**

Because Christ denied Himself to save us, and also gave it as a condition of discipleship when He said:—

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me."—Matt. xvi, 24.

"He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me . . . And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me."—Matt. x, 37-38.

**(5) But cannot I succeed as a Christian without self-denial?**

You cannot be like your Lord without denying self; and those persons have wielded the greatest spiritual influence in the world who have been the most self-denying.

**(6) Do you mean, then, that I am supposed to give up something which I like and which I really feel I need?**

That is *exactly* the idea; there can be no true self-denial unless it be so.

**(7) But is not this a hard thing to ask?**

It may appear hard to the flesh, but it is very much eased to the soul by the blessing which self-denial always brings, if the motive prompting it be right.

**(8) Kindly explain what you mean?**

We mean that if you actually surrender or do something that will bring a profit to God's kingdom, not because you are requested, commanded, or expected to, but as a cheerful, spontaneous expression of your love to Him Who gave His life for you, and without expecting to receive anything in return, He will, out of the abundance of the treasures of His

love, give you some good, precious, blessing, suitable to your needs.

**(9) Are Christians asked to deny themselves while others are excluded?**

By no means.

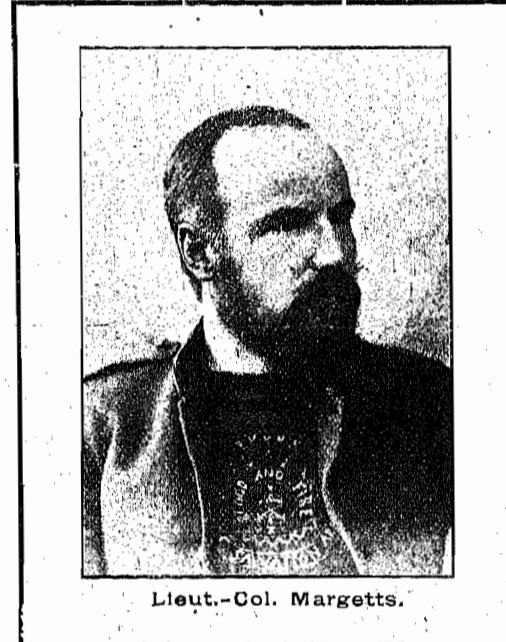
**(10) What motive could others adopt?**

They could deny themselves *humanely*, for the benefit of the more needy of their fellow-men, or for the mere good of such a beneficent cause as the operations of the Salvation Army.

**(11) Would such action bring any advantage to such self-deniers?**

It would certainly bring no disadvantage and would be a step forward in the direction of unselfishness, the spirit of which is accepted and cherished as a good thing the world over.

**(12) How did the idea of Self-Denial originate?**



Lieut.-Col. Margetts.

In the mind of our beloved General, Wm. Booth—being anxious to extend the operations of the Salvation Army to heathen nations without either interfering to any serious extent with the missionary efforts of others or the ordinary collections of the Army, and without overtaxing anyone's pocket or injuring their spiritual state.

**(13) When did this occur?**

The Self-Denial Scheme was launched in this Territory as an annual institution in 1888.

**(14) Had anything in particular happened likely to lead the General to decide this?**

Nothing more than that the extraordinary acts of self-denial voluntarily practised by many Officers and Soldiers in the planting and maintaining of the Flag had proved to be, alike, a beneficial investment to the Army, and a practice congenial to the spiritual life of the individual, as well as being a sound Bible Doctrine capable of being very profitably worked out.

**(15) How was the Scheme received?**

At first, like most Army methods, it was much misunderstood by many, but on the part of the Army and Christian people generally, it was well received as is evidenced by the amount of money raised through its agency.

**(16) How has it succeeded since?**

Most admirably! Each successive year, as its principles have become better known, and

its spirit has become more deeply rooted in the hearts of our Officers, soldiers and supporters, it has boomed forward with amazing rapidity.

**(17) Could you name the amounts raised by the S.-D. Scheme in this Territory?**

Most gladly. The following three totals given show at a glance the extent of its financial successes.

Year.	Amount Raised.	Increase.
1888.....	\$ 3,968.39	.....
1893.....	18,590.57	\$14,622.18
1898.....	26,785.70	8,195.13

**(18) How are these large amounts of money expended?**

Originally the S.-D. Scheme was set apart as the Army's Annual Missionary Enterprise, the funds of which were to be devoted to the interests of our extensive Missionary operations abroad, but in kindly consideration of the heavy financial strain resting upon our Territorial forces, the General has, during the last few years sanctioned the amounts raised by the Territory being devoted partly to the reducing of its own liabilities and partly to its "Home Missionary" operations.

**(19) Are the moneys accounted for in any way?**

Yes, the Balance Sheet annually published by the Army explains this, and can be procured by simply addressing a post card to Major Smeeton, our Comptroller of Finance, at Territorial Headquarters.

**(20) Is the arrangement spoken of in reply to question 18 a permanent one?**

No, by virtue of these considerations, the Territory has been able very largely to extricate itself from those heavy financial burdens which at one time so strangely threatened to swamp it; and this being done, it will now gladly fall in line with other Territories and contribute its share towards evangelizing the heathen world, still retaining a certain portion for the support of its Home Missionary agencies.

**(21) What is the Army doing in heathen countries?**

As a matter of fact its operations abroad are much more extensive, and in many cases, much more successful, than at home. We are doing a good work among the following heathen races, :—

In India we have some 1,100 Officers, over 800 of whom are natives, converted, brought out and trained by the Army, and working successfully amongst the

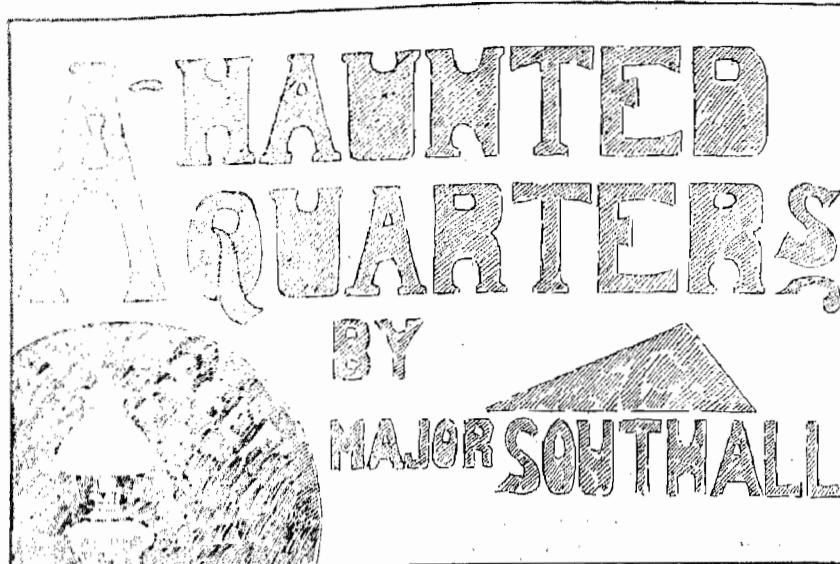
Tamils,	Bengalis,	Santhals,
Singhalese,	Sikhs,	Marathis,
Niaks,	Bheels,	Gujeratis.

In South Africa nearly 300 Officers are leading our force in spreading the leaven of love and peace amongst the Zulus, Kaffirs, Mashonas, and Bechuanas.

Our old Chief Secretary, Colonel Bailey, is directing our operations in Japan, and a splendid campaign is going on in other countries, amongst the Japanese in San Francisco, the Chinese in Hong Kong and San Francisco, the Maoris in New Zealand, the natives of Java, of the West Indies, of the Sandwich Islands, and the aborigines of Australia; to say nothing of the special work being done for the Swedes, the Germans, and the Italians in the United States, and the Naval and Military League which is operating for the benefit of soldiers and sailors at the leading ports throughout the world.

**(22) What is meant by the Army's "Home Missionary" operations?**

The Army's Home Missionary operations, so far as this Territory is concerned, consist of such as our Indian work on Manitoulin Island and in British Columbia; the Klondike expedition; our net-work of Social Institutions for men, women, and children, certain efforts put forth among the Fishermen of Newfoundland etc.



"I don't know," says the Secretary, meditatively.

**I**T was a terrible night. The rain pelted against the quarters' windows relentlessly, while the trees in front of the door were rocked to and fro as if the wind itself were the tool of fiendish delight. The three occupants of the sitting-room have been talking about various matters—two or three in particular—but now preserve a mutual silence, and each seems absorbed in his or her own thoughts. Whether it was due to the over-indulgence of apple-pie, or a slight attack of biliousness, or whether they were all more or less victims of a bad digestion, we cannot positively say. One thing was evident—something was going wrong.

"Blue ruin," sighed the Captain, as his brows struck the table, and he hid his head in his hands. The Treasurer sitting sideways on his chair, gives a knowing nod, but says nothing. His mind was going back over the ground covered by the hour and a-half's discussion, which had just closed.

"Poor officers!" pathetically ejaculated the Secretary with womanly sympathy.

Silence reigns again for a while, and is only broken by the Captain complaining of some slight disturbance in the epigastric region, due, he thinks, to something he had taken for tea, which did not quite agree with him. Strange to say, both the Treasurer and Secretary felt out of sorts too, and thought it must be due to the terrible inclemency of the night.

"Well, what are we to do?" queried the Captain, as he makes a big effort to arouse himself to the demands of the occasion.

"My opinion is, that money ought not to be taken out of the town, for the Social work, or anything else, when we have debts to pay, and want to give our officers their salary," returned the Treasurer, who had no sooner finished speaking than a shudder seemed to go through him. He felt quite uneasy. A doubt suddenly arose as to whether "No. 1" hadn't got the mastery for the moment.

"I don't know," says the Secretary, meditatively. "Of course there must be a head to everything, and it has to be supported. The Social work, too, has a right to appeal for help, seeing its object is to assist all classes, and if all the soldiers would only put in their cartridges regularly, and help as they ought, there would be no difficulty in meeting local—"

A quick glance from the Captain brought the Secretary's commonsense remarks to an abrupt finish. New light seemed to flash across his mental horizon. The condition of his Cartridge Roll, as well as the hap-hazard way in which he managed (or mismanaged) his finances, seemed to come as a gentle reproof to his conscience. While he meditated, a finger seemed to write on the wall of his intelligence, and as he read the interpretation thereof, it unfolded to his mind the great mistake he had made. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," was one of the mystic (especially to the uninitiated) quotations it wrote. He also saw that he had viewed matters from a wrong standpoint, and was about to acquiesce in the Secretary's remarks, and also express his change of feeling to the Treasurer.

This was prevented, however, by a sudden change of front on the Secretary's part. She had picked up a War Cry which was lying upon the table, and was leisurely turning over its pages, when her attention was arrested by a heading referring to the Self-Denial Scheme. Something had been

said earlier in the evening about some of the soldiers being too energetic in collecting for outside schemes, and it was thought their efforts would have been more creditable had they been directed to local interests. She felt somewhat of an antipathy arising towards the scheme, and quietly laying the paper on her lap, said she thought there was, perhaps, "some ground for the Captain's complaint" as to the local revenue being "diverted by these outside efforts."

As the Secretary continued her remarks, things assumed a darker and blacker aspect every moment. The elements outside seemed to be gathering greater force, as did the ill-foreboding omens in the minds of the trio who sat at the quarters' table. The globe on the lamp seemed to change its color to a greenish hue, casting a peculiarly ghastly shade upon everything in the room. The strange influence that had been felt for the past two hours, now becomes more pronounced, and produces a chilling sensation upon the silent occupants. Suddenly the Treasurer gives a start that nearly causes the table to capsize—lamp and all. The Captain looks up, and instantly his cheeks become livid, his hair standing on end. The Secretary feels something is up, and is about to enquire the reason of the Treasurer's sudden action, when, quick as a flash, vapory shadows appear on the wall before her, and on the mantle of the ghastly apparition she describes the letters S-E-L-F. Over-

come, she sinks back in her chair, and is about to swoon, when the sound of the Captain's voice acts as a stimulant.

"Let us pray," solemnly urged the Captain. They had no sooner got on their knees than the Treasurer began to pray, and did so more earnestly than he had done for months. Under the power of deep conviction he acknowledged the mistake he had made, and caused the selfish feeling that had caused him to stand in the way of, instead of helping, the very work he desired to see extended. The Captain, too, saw how nearly he had fallen under the sting of condemnation, but as he promises to seek to further the interests of the Kingdom in every way, and to do his level best to push every scheme which is intended to extend the work of God, the darkness is dispelled, while the glory descends and fills his soul. The Secretary now feels it to be part of her duty to help every scheme in the future, and, promising to do so, she, too, experiences fulness of joy.

Now that the uncanny visitor has vanished and everything is made right, the happy trio rise to their feet. With the aid of his recent revelation the Captain points out where the weakness has been—where self had crept in—where "neglect of duty" was written in the unsystematic method of financing the corps. The Treasurer must do his duty, and be an example in giving as well as seeing that others do.

"You're right, Captain. I see it all as plain as day-light now. If God will forgive me I will go in to do my duty as far as my personal giving is concerned, and also put aside my feelings in reminding others of their duty in this matter. That means also the Annual Efforts, and any other Scheme, having as its object the extension of the Kingdom of God in its broadest sense. I am afraid the spirit of our corps has been to think only of our own little show, and our own needs. I feel ashamed, and am reminded of the Apostle Paul's letter of reproof to the Corinthians concerning their selfishness, and contrasting their meanness with the liberality of their much poorer comrades at Philippi, who, "out of their poverty" had given so liberally.

"I am sure, Captain, if we could only get the soldiers to give systematically, and give their tithe, as I hear a number are doing in several places, we should have no more difficulty in financing the corps. Hallelujah! Keep believing, Captain, I can see brighter times ahead. Then, when we have not got to give so much attention to the finances, we shall be able to go in with greater zeal for souls, and have a big revival before the winter is over. I'm sure the soldiers will 'catch on.' Praise the Lord!"

A heavenly smile illuminated the Treasurer's face as he looked at the Captain.

The radiance of the former's countenance was reflected in the Captain's, as the latter cheerfully replied, "I believe it."

Having settled the question as to the individual giving, and decided on a systematic method of meeting the corps expenses, the Captain suggested they have a little more prayer before they part for the night.

As they kneel they sing the beautiful chorus:

"I'll do, Lord, I'll do, Lord,  
I'll do what You want me to do."

Suddenly the Treasurer changed it to—

"I'll give, Lord, I'll give, Lord," etc.

Then the Captain prays, after which they sing:

"Over and over, like a mighty sea,  
Comes the love of Jesus rolling over  
me,"

which expressed to a "T" the glorious experience they now realize, and which serves to assure them that they have done the right thing.

The lamp burns brightly, and a heavenly light seems to illuminate the room. The elements, too, have suddenly changed their doleful tune, and now join in the harmony which has arisen in the hearts of the happy trio within the quarters.

"Hallelujah!" shouts the Treasurer, as he struggles to get into his heavy overcoat.

"Praise the Lord," says the Secretary, fervently.

"A little talk with Jesus puts things right," was the Captain's reassuring remark.

The Captain and his aids exchanged "Good-nights," and as the latter repaired to their respective homes that night, their souls rejoiced in a baptism of joy they had not experienced for some time.

Since then the corps has gone up in every respect, and we have not heard of a repetition of the unpleasant experiences of that memorable night.

## CHAMPION COLLECTORS OF Last Year's Self-Denial Week.

We published lists of all persons who collected \$10 and over during Self-Denial, 1898, in various War Crys. The Pacific Province made no returns, hence we have been unable to give any names.

We herewith give a list of those who collected \$50 and over.

### THE TERRITORIAL CHAMPIONS.

Staff-Captain Taylor	\$130 50
Father Armstrong, London	117 00
Mrs. Adjutant G. Miller	104 40
Captain Brandser	101 50

### THE EAST.

Mrs. Adjt. G. Miller	\$104.40
Adjt. Kerr	81.50
Mrs. Olive, Carleton	68.00
Sergt. Weir, Halifax I.	67.00
Capt. Brehaut	60.00
Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray	58.75
Mrs. Ensign Fraser	58.00
Ensign L. H. Larder	58.00
Lieut. Young	52.50
Cadet Armstrong	50.00

### EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Adjt. Goodwin	\$07.19
S-M. Scruton, Montreal I.	76.00
Ensign Parker	66.00
Ensign Walker	64.00
Capt. Connors	60.63
Mother Lewis, Montreal I.	60.00
Mrs. Adjt. Bradley	55.00
D. Cussick, Quebec	55.00

Will officers be sure to fill in and forward to their P. O. forms 35-38 as soon as this year's returns are completed, and so make sure that the names of their soldiers appear in the S.-D. Honor Roll, which will be published in the War Cry. A list of Juniors who collected one dollar and over will appear in the Young Soldier.

### CAPT. FRENCH

Lieut. Latimer

Capt. Brandser

Capt. Barrager

Lieut. Embertson

Robt. Clark, Grafton

Capt. Hurst

Mrs. Adjt. Gale

Capt. Mercer

THE NORTH-WEST.

Capt. French

Lieut. Latimer

Capt. Brandser

Capt. Barrager

Lieut. Embertson

Robt. Clark, Grafton

Capt. Hurst

Mrs. Adjt. Gale

Capt. Mercer

THE WEST ONTARIO.

Father Armstrong, London

Ensign Collett

Lieut. Hockin

Ensign Ottawa

Lieut. Jordinson

CENTRAL ONTARIO

Staff-Capt. Taylor

Sec. Thompson, Temple

Weekly Watchword:

**Sacrifice.**

Wouldst thou inherit life with Christ on high?  
Then count the cost and know  
That here on earth below  
Thou needs must suffer with thy Lord  
and die;  
We reach that gain, to which all else  
is loss,  
But through the Cross.

**DAILY TONIC****SUNDAY.**

The Only Sacrifice that can do Anything for sin.—Heb. ix. 26.

There is one object for which all sacrifice made by man is absolutely of no avail. Sacrifices for sin are useless in themselves, and insults to the One Offering for all unrighteousness which is alone availing. The weight of sin was too heavy to carry, its debt too great to pay for any but the Divine Obligation.

**MONDAY.**

**The Best Kind of Sacrifice.**—Ps. iv. 5.  
The worth of a sacrifice depends not so much on the value of the gift as in the way it is given. There is a way of doing even very kind and unselfish things in a very disagreeable manner, or from an altogether selfish motive. Let us seek to make our sacrifices from pure love to God and man, and perform them with a cheerful demeanor.

**TUESDAY.**

**Sacrifices Acceptable to God.**—Heb. xiii. 15.

In the olden times many of the sacrifices that were offered were out of pure praise and adoration. Let us in these latter times not forget such. Praise from a sincere heart is well-pleasing to God especially when it costs some sacrifice on our part.

**WEDNESDAY.**

**Sacrifice of the Spirit.**—I. Peter ii. 5.

There are sacrifices of the spirit as well as of the service. When a soul surrenders its will, gives up its own personal preferences, and chooses in heart as well as life the way of the Cross, a spiritual sacrifice is offered.

**THURSDAY.**

**Continual Sacrifice.**—Amos iv. 4.

The prophet here holds up for a nation's reproof the punctuality with which they had offered sacrifice to idols. But should we not do well if in the sacrifices of righteousness we cultivated more regularity? The life that is selfish, save at set seasons far apart, is not the kind of punctuality to bring praise to God and blessing to one's own soul, but rather that which dies daily to self-interests for His sake.

**FRIDAY.**

**The Sacrifices that are No Good at all.**  
—Prov. xv. 8.

An offering hand and an unclean heart, a generous appearance and a selfish spirit do not match, neither will such be received by God. True sacrifice is only possible to a heart in tune with the Sacrifice of Calvary.

**SATURDAY.**

**What is Better than Sacrifice.**—I. Sam. xv. 22.

Obedience is here spoken of as better than sacrifice, and in the light of the foregoing lesson we prove that this is so. What is the use of a gift that is given with a heart hot with disobedience? We must not forget that in every true sacrifice this obedience is an essential part—obedience to the dictates of God's Spirit.

It is said of Livingstone that self-denial was a firmly-established habit. On one occasion he said, "Paradise will make amends for all our privations and sorrows here."

**OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON****THE RISEN SAVIOUR.**

John xx. 11-20.

Last week we took a fresh look at the scene shrouded by what appeared at the time the darkest defeat ever known—a scene which, however we recognize with the later revelations which God has given us as the spring of every true victory since vouchsafed to man.

But this story, though of the most miraculous event in the history of the world, holds no such shadow. It declares and still speaks of the greatest victory which righteousness ever won over wrong, purity over sin, life over the grave. The Resurrection is the completion of the work of redemption. It unites the supreme Saviour with the suffering Christ. Without it the story of the Man of Sorrows would have been one of surpassing self-denial, but not the narrative of salvation's creation.

The Resurrection, then, is of infinite importance for the following reasons:

First, it was the seal to our Saviour's teaching. The latter had been little accepted and less understood. Its principles were entire foreign to any which had been hitherto advanced by the Jewish leaders of spiritual thought. It extolled persecution rather than the favor of men, it praised honest poverty rather than unscrupulous affluence, it upheld the guide of the conscience over the regulation of the church, it enjoined the forgiveness of enemies as

against retaliation. No wonder that such principles as these excited unbelief, ridicule and hatred on the part of the hypocritical Pharisee, the conservative Scribe, and the selfish Jerusalem mob. Even the disciples who recognized the Divine power that attended His preaching and work, could not half fathom the truths He spoke, and were altogether blind to some of the principles which now common credence accepts as the foundation of Christianity. In the Resurrection was given the proof of His most misunderstood and disbelieved statement, and by its unanswerable manifestation made doubt a sin of the heart rather than an infirmity of the mind.

Second, it gave birth to Christianity. The life of the Resurrection is the breath of our religion. The impetus which this greatest and most convincing of miracles gave to the cause of Christ defied the opposing obstacles of prejudice, malice and doubt, and has swept the truths of our glorious religion into the darkest of earth's corners and the hardest of its hearts. Merciful and mysterious as was Golgotha's sacrifice without the declaration of the burst grave and emptied tomb, how could the world have understood the redemption scheme of the Father's heart. A Saviour Who stooped to shameful death would indeed have claimed admiration and wonder, but a Saviour Who rose to glorious and eternal life was the object of saving faith. Before the resurrection the world might cry Imposter upon the Sacred Victim of its blind hate;

after the resurrection it might still hate but not discredit the wonderful Life which had lived, died and rose again in its midst.

Third, it declared the immortality of the soul. How much our forefathers believed in this we have little certain knowledge prior to the Resurrection. Although it was undoubtedly a doctrine of the Jewish faith, it seems likely that men's belief in it was of a very hazy and uncertain character. Even after the raising of Lazarus, much scepticism on the subject likely remained. It seems as if recognizing the vital importance which the immortality of the soul would be to mankind God had arranged every detail surrounding the Resurrection to be specially clear and doubt-disarming. The number of witnesses, the presence of the angels, the demolishing of the guard were all proofs that could not be gainsaid. Life was no longer a mystery of chance but a journey to a hereafter for which it was and is the duty of every man to make preparation.

**A Week of Prayer**  
**A Week of Faith**  
**A Week of Work**  
**A Week of Fighting**  
**A Week of Testing**  
**A Week of Blessing**  
**A Week of Joy**  
**A Week of Victory**  
**A Week of Self-Denial**

**November 19th to 26th**

**IT SHALL NOT BE A WEEK OF DISAPPOINTMENT.**

**"A Faint and Weary People."**

Acquisition and expansion are the primary notes of modern life. The lust of gold and the lust of empire are the twin ambitions of our times. The personal and the natural glory-business, both appear to be briskly pushed. And is there no thirst, no disquietude of spirit, no vague unrest, no drooping leaf? Are there no weary feet? Do you find the green leaf in your literature, or is your literature pervaded by a faint and weary spirit? I should not go to our novels if I wished to find a strong and fruitful rest. Nor do I think our poetry moves amid the "still dews of quietness," and the composure of an optimistic faith. Our literature and our poetry are full of the drooping leaf. Behind the droop there is thirst. The literature reflects the people. Business circles abound in faint and weary men. They get and spend, and spend and get, but through it all persists the inward thirst. They toil and tire, but their labor satisfieth not. At the end of the feast the hunger is unappeased. What is the explanation? "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?" "Thou hast rivers of pleasure!" "I thirst." "Thou hast abundance of goods." "I hunger." What is to be the remedy? Where is the satisfaction to be found?

"Where is the singer, whose large notes and clear Can heal, and arm, and plenish, and sustain?"

So cries William Watson, and I want no better words with which to express the need. A faint and weary people is in need of some one who can "heal, and arm, and plenish, and sustain," but that some one will not be found in a singer, however large and clear his note, but in a Saviour; not in a gift of poetry, but in the gift of life; not in any inspired man, but in the infinitely gracious ministrations of an unveiled God.—J. H. Jowett.

**BRIGADIER PUGMIRE**

Will hold special meetings in the following places:

Strathroy, Friday, Nov. 17.  
Petrolia, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 18, 19.  
London, Monday, Nov. 20.



"He is not here: for He is risen."

# WHY IS HE ... STILL ALIVE?

BY BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH.

**T**HENCE is no song so sweet, no painting so beautiful, no poem so exquisite, no sermon so true, no story so powerful, no deed so noble, but what there are people who find scores of flaws and faults; they see their disproportions magnified by contrast with the beauty and the perfect, and they grieve for the former. So when the *Man with the Hoe* of Millet's, "The Man with the Hoe," and later on the poem of Edwin Markham, as the result of it, appeared, in spite of the profound suspicion and declamation of the world, there was a number of critics ready to denounce both. One of the chief accusations brought forward was that the picture degraded the agricultural vocation. This will readily be seen to be incorrect. Not the honorable calling of the farmer, but the dishonorable state of society which permits that, among the people whose labor is most necessary, there should be such an oppression and poor reward for their toil that such human products are the outcome of it, is to be denounced.

#### Your Objections

But, it will be said, this man is the outcome of past centuries of cruel oppression and bad government! Supposing he is, the fact that he still exists and is perpetuated every day is against us, the living generation. If we are Christian nations, as we claim to be, then why is he still alive? If we are civilized and boast ourselves of such enlightened education and humane state of society, why then is this man still alive?

You will probably answer, that there are not so many of this type in Canada and the United States. I will admit that in the crowded countries of Europe, especially in the southern parts, he is more numerous, but he does exist in all too great a number on the continent of North America, even to a greater extent than ninety per cent of my readers know.

You will most likely continue to reason, that he cannot be got rid of until education spreads. Hold on. He has little chance to avail himself of education. He has to help to earn bread as soon as his arm is strong enough to lift a stone to clear the field, or raise the hoe to weed the sparsely tilled ground.

But, I am not in touch with him; I have never seen him; don't know but he may be many miles away from my city; how can I do anything to better his condition, and to improve his children? Well, then, the man with the hoe has relations in the city and town. Look at the blear-eyed drunkard, the low-browed criminal, the coarse-featured sensualist, the vicious, emblittered poor, and you will recognize him to be of the same ancestry. Then you have him by your side. What are you doing for him? Why does he exist?

But I cannot do much, you object. There is the government; our laws are being improved; then there are Relief Societies, Temperance Leagues, the churches and the Salvation Army to help these people, to make them better, to improve them and their condition.

Yes, I reply, you are right, but the fact is, the man is with us, and while this is true,

#### You and I are to Blame for It!

Don't let us excuse ourselves; before God and the tribunal of our own conscience, we are all responsible for his existence, and we are responsible for doing away with him. We must make his existence impossible!

What are YOU doing towards accomplishing it? For whatever energy, toil, thought, money, sacrifice or time you may give, God will give you due credit against your debt—for the sins of humanity are your sins, and as a unit of the human race you are debited with your share—but if you give all enough.

The prophets of God did not parade their righteousness before Him, and ask Him to be merciful unto their peo-

ple, while thanking Him that they were not like them. No! though their integrity was transparent, they cast themselves in humility before God in the dust, weeping for "our sins," and asking God to blot out "our transgressions."

Ezra rent his garment and fell down before God, when he heard of the sins of the people, and prayed, "O my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to Thee, my God; for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up unto the heavens." We want more people who can blush for the sins of their race and generation.

Nehemiah, although himself in a comfortable and honorable position in the King's palace, was much troubled

proposition. It pays you as a citizen to support liberally an organization which gathers in its halls a weekly audience of 450,000, composed mostly of the masses, in this country, bringing to bear upon them the highest teachings of morality and spirituality, which does a sort of moral police duty, which looks after the outcast, social derelicts, the poor and needy, and so lessens temptations for a class particularly open to vicious and criminal temptations; which make sober thousands of drunkards and so lessens the public expense, while increasing the number of consumers, as well as improving the quality of laborers and artisans and thereby increasing their value to the employer; which helps the discharged prisoner, and so prevents him from continuing a criminal career, endeavoring to turn him into a useful citizen; which clears our streets from the danger to your boy; her whose house is the chamber of hell, and seeks to restore her to virtue and so add to the capital of purity. Is this not a fair and promising business proposition? No, it is more; it has been an excellent, well-paying undertaking. It is too late in the day to require substantiation of this assertion, since men of the highest reputation, the best business ability, renowned

ly loved, honored, or obeyed. Polarity, or action and reaction, is met in every part of nature. If the South attracts, the North repels. General Booth is no exception to the rule that the favors of Ormuzd involve the censures of Ahri-

man. "As an onlooker who has watched the Salvation Army for many years in various parts of the world, I am proud to do what a sinner can—as a buttress from the outside, rather than as a pillar from within—to support the great edifice that General Booth and his marvellous family have constructed. Indeed, it is to sinners and to men of the world that this little volume is intended to appeal. We English are so accustomed to abuse our eminent men in language that would be appropriate when employed against hereditary enemies of our race that we do not stop to protest against the squandering of adjectives on good men from whom we slightly differ.

"The grounds for supporting the Salvation Army and its leaders may be briefly summed up. Self-denial is part of their religion, and an object-lesson of Christ's teaching in the first century is presented by their lives in the nineteenth. They are honest to the core. They are working for the good of others. They have effectively dealt with the alcoholic tendencies of the race. They subdue crime; change low lives into higher; and are, in fact, a window on to earth through which the Light of the World is shining."

#### Archdeacon Farrar.

The venerable Archdeacon Farrar, in speaking of the General's Social Scheme, says, after describing the outline of the same in detail:

"The most ignorant and malignant critic cannot but be aware that work like this cannot be carried out unless the funds are forthcoming, which alone can render available the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice which the Salvation Army has evoked in its humble followers. I, for one, do not blush to own that, when I first read the scheme, I was filled with gratitude and hope. I was filled with gratitude to God that He had called forth a man who was capable of sketching out so large and systematic an effort, and that such a multitude of devoted men and women were willing and able to undertake the desperate task of grappling, shoulder to shoulder, with problems which have hitherto been the shame of our Christianity and of our civilization. I was filled with hope, because it seemed that now, at last, something would be done of which the dreadful and urgent necessity had so long been acknowledged. My sense of gratitude is undiminished. There are myriads, I am sure, in England whose hearts feel for the anguish of the poor; whose pity is not checked by the knowledge that distress is often the retribution of vice and worthlessness; who feel that as Christ was sent to the lost sheep of the House of Israel, all who are His servants should feel the duty of furthering His Kingdom among these, the most miserable of His children. But how few are there of us who are able to render real help otherwise than indirectly! We may help by our poor gifts, but how little are we able to give any other efforts to reclaim the most fallen and uplift the most destitute! Can we, then, be otherwise than grateful that hundreds of good men and women, under the hardest conditions, and on less wages than those of a servant, are willing to bring to bear on the physical and moral degradation of the lapsed masses the personal force of their devoted love?"

We want you to help us, therefore, with your money. We are doing business for the Lord Jesus Christ. In His name we comfort the sick, visit the jails, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, comfort the sorrowing, seek the lost. What will you do to help us to hasten the time when there shall be not left one "man with the hoe?"

#### Giving and Asking.

I like him who can ask boldly without impudence; he has faith in humanity; he has faith in himself. No one who is not accustomed to give grandly can ask boldly.

He who goes round about in his demands, commonly wants more than he wishes to appear to want.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself. There is a princely manner of giving, and of accepting.



THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

"God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him."

**B**OWED by the weight of centuries, he leans Upon his hoe, and gazes on the ground, The emptiness of ages in his face, And on his back the burden of the world. Who made him dead to rapture and despair, A thing that grieves not, and that never hopes, Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox? Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw? Whose hand was the hand that slanted back this brow? Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave To have dominion over sea and land; To trace the stars and search the heavens for power; To feel the passion of Eternity? Is this the dream He dreamed. Who shaped the And pillars the blue firmament with light? Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf? There is no shape more terrible than this— More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed— More filled with signs and portents for the soul— More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim! Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?

What the long reaches of the peaks of song, The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose? Through this dread shape the suffering ages look; Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop; Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed, Plundered, profaned, and dismembered, Cries protest to the Judges of the World, A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands, Is this the handiwork you give to God, This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched? How will you ever straighten up this shape; Touch it again with immortality; Give back the upward looking and the light; Rebuild in it the music and the dream; Make right the immemorial infamies, Perfidious wrongs, immeasurable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands, How will the Future reckon with this Man? How answer his brute question in that hour When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world? How will it be with kingdoms and with kings— With those who shaped him to the thing he is— When this dumb Terror shall reply to God, After the silence of the centuries?

—EDWIN MARKHAM.

about the enslaved condition of his nation, and God enabled him to free the captives and build again the walls of Jerusalem.

The prophets of old did not separate themselves from their people.

They acknowledged their share and gave a life's consecrated effort for the salvation of their generations.

#### So Must We!

This Self-Denial Week furnishes a grand opportunity for a searching of heart, and a renewal of consecration. God must have our all.

You who are unable to give your flesh and blood, your love and life, your toil and tears, you can give that which is much needed—your money! If not from any higher point of view, then consider the Army a business

statesmen and prominent philanthropists have carefully investigated the Salvation Army, and especially the Social work of the Army (Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Arnold White, Sir Walter Besant, Lord Onslow, Mr. Francis Peck, Archdeacon Farrar, and others) and have pronounced them excellent, business-like, thorough, humane, founded on good, sound principles, and the most economical.

Mr. Arnold White, in his preface to a pamphlet entitled "Truth About the Salvation Army," says:

"It will be an evil day for the Salvation Army when all men speak well of it. In religion, as in politics, art, or the higher criticism, violent opposition begets enthusiastic support. I will go further. If a public man be not bitterly hated he cannot be tender-

# "I Likes You People!"

By R. OLIPHANT PICKERING, Major.

## CHAPTER I.

### What Shall It Profit?



WAS a bleak day in March, '97, but heedless of weather discomforts, the roar of the city's traffic goes on. Busses, carriages, cabs, vans, sweep onward in endless numbers, taxing the powers of the "Men in Blue" to keep the traffic going, while thousands of human beings surge past, hurrying, bustling, rushing as if with one consent they recognized the brevity of life, and were anxious to crowd into the passing day as much as possible. What a cosmopolitan crowd it was! The Orient in his flowing and picturesque robes, the phlegmatic German and the gesticulating and vivacious Frenchman rubbing shoulders with the matter-of-fact Englishman, and the astute Yankee, all bent upon securing the best advantage in the markets of this great artery of the world's commerce, while the "Blue-Blooded" aristocrat, and the dainty lady of fashion, hasten past as if to assure you that they are not associated with this Holocaust of trading and money-making.

Big Ben booms out the hour of five, and speedily offices, warehouses, and factories are disgorging their quota of busy workers to swell the human mass, who panoramic-fashion fit by. The prosperous merchant smiling complacently at the memory of a successful day's trading, the pale-faced and under-paid clerk, the dust-begrimed mechanic, and the pinched, hungry-looking needlewoman staggering on 'neath the weight of her heavy bundle, oppressed by the problem of how to gain food for herself and little ones by making shirts at 18 cents a dozen, and find her own thread.

The rich! the poor! the well fed! the under fed! mingle together seeking after wealth or struggling for existence. The eager shoppers of the God of Mammon sacrificing honor, principle, health, happiness, and soul itself to satisfy the greed of gold—GOLD! Oh, how it blinds men to the nobler aims and objects of life, and robs them of the power to value, at its true worth, the uncertain, unsatisfying riches of this world.

Standing near England's great bank, amidst the great stream, there seems to ring out in clarion tones the voice of the Son of God:

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange of his soul!"

## CHAPTER II.

### The Newsboy.

"Star! Sun! Echo! Fourth edition," rises on the air from a score of young throats, rousing us from our reverie. "Star, sir? 'Ere ye are, sir," as a bland-looking old gentleman approaches one of them, and quickly the sale is effected, the good-natured man handing the boy two cents, telling him to keep the other for candy. A look of pleasure beamed from the boy's face, as he placed the coin in his pocket, and then turned again to the sale of his papers.

What an oddity he looked! Somewhat small in stature, with a pale face, bright, sharp eyes, and a cute expression which told that, young as he was, he already knew by experience the struggle for bread! A pair of pants that probably had been originally made for a tall man, rolled up to the knees, a jacket with more ventilation than the most exacting laws of sanitation and hygiene demanded, with a cap through the crown of which protruded a tuft of his thick shock of hair, completed his grotesque get-up; but, heedless to appearances, he rushed hither and thither, satisfying the demands of the passers by for the latest news, anon pausing to glance at a figure on the opposite side of the street.

Half-hidden by the crowds hurrying along, stood the object of the street-arab's interest. A closer sight revealed a slim figure with the familiar blue dress, straw hat and white band bearing the emblazoned words, "Slum Saviour"—the sweet, calm expression on her face forming a pleasant con-

trast to the restless dissatisfied look of the crowds around; in her hand she grasped a box from which was suspended a card, inviting passers-by to help the "Self-Denial effort of the Salvation Army." Thus the Slum Captain (for such she was) reminded the crowd of her mission. Some laughed and jeered, others brushed past unheeding, but many stopped, dropped in their copper and silver, and with an appreciative word, passed on.

The crowds were getting thinner, her box was getting heavier, and with a light heart the Captain was thinking of returning to her quarters to prepare for the evening's meeting, when, feeling someone tugging at her jacket sleeve, she quickly turned round, and beheld the odd figure of the news-boy from the opposite corner, with his eager eyes, looking up into her face, and greeting her with, "Eh, Miss, I likes you people, an' I'd like to give summat to Self-Denial, but I've on'y got a ha'penny (a cent), waud you a'

## CHAPTER III.

### "I Remembers These Things!"

"Yer see, Miss, it's like this 'ere, we lives down Whitechapel way, an' father is a 'Docker.' Times wur bad, an' father 'ad bin out o' work fur nine months. We 'ad to sell the things to get suthin' to eat, an' dad tuk to drink, for yer see, Miss," he added, with a knowing shake of the head, "folks ud give father drink, when they wouldn't give him anything to eat. Then a baby comes to our house, an' we gets poorer still. Mother was very sick, and Tommy (that's my little brother) used to cry, 'cause there wasn't bread fur 'im. All the furniture wur gone, an' we all lived in a cellar place. I sold papers and earned a bit, but it wur not much. Then dad got 'desprate' an' came 'ome one day, an' said if he didn't get work he'd jump in the river. Then in the afternoon somebody knocks at the door, an' when Tommy opened the door two ladies come in, dressed just like you, Miss. They asked mother if they could help her. Then one o' the ladies went out an' soon came back with some wood, coals, bread, butter, an' tea, an' they made mother some tea, gave Tommy a 'junk' o' bread. Then they tells dad to cheer up, better times 'nd come. Then both the ladies went away an'

Army Mother, as she was borne upon the crest of death's billows to a conqueror's reward.

"I don't care how near hell's gates I go to save the lost," proclaims the grand old warrior, William Booth, our beloved and honored General, whose heart and brain devised this plan of reaching the degraded in the slums. Will you help? Then give of your substance, deny yourself of some luxury, or pleasure, and send in your gift, and on that great day—

*"When the stars grow cold  
And the world grows old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold,"*

your offering shall not be forgotten, but you shall hear Him say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

## My Fatherland.

Where'er a single slave doth pine,  
Where'er one man may help another,  
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,  
That spot of earth is mine and thine;  
There is the true man's birthplace  
grand,  
His is a worldwide Fatherland.

## ALASKAN NEWS.

SKAGWAY.—God is still blessing us here, crowds are increasing, and greater interest is being manifested in our meetings, especially in the Sunday afternoon holiness meeting led by Adj't. and Mrs. McGill. Many Christians are expressing their desire for a holier life, some having been Christians for years and still battling with inbred sin, although actively engaged in the work of God. The Hallelujah Brakeman who runs on the White Pass Route, tells us that a railroad man can keep saved, which is undeniable by the bright testimony and smile he brings with him to the knee-drill and open-air. One man has started to attend our meetings who told me he had not been into a place of worship for sixteen years. Bro. Coons, a soldier from Aberdeen, Wash. (who has been into Atlin for over a year), has come to help us. He played the snare drum through the rebellion of '61 and '65. He expects to send for his wife, so we shall have two more added to our ranks. In Skagway streets now can be heard the comet, concertina, bass and snare drums, calling the wandering gold-seekers to Christ. The other night a "tin-horn" (gambler) came back to God, as he once knew what it was to love Him. He has a brother an Ensign in our ranks. We had a beautiful case of conversion on Sunday afternoon, when a poor man wept out his soul to God. It is a long time since I've seen one weep as he wept. He thought God would not pardon him; but, hallelujah! He did, and he went away with the assurance in his soul. He is foreman on the railway at White Pass. Another poor fellow also came out, but did not get liberty. He would not pay the price. Victory is our motto.—Fred. R. Bloss, for Adj't. and Mrs. McGill.

## THE ONLY THING.

We have been profoundly impressed with the evangelical earnestness, the spiritual insight, the moral elevation, and the literary grace of this beautiful booklet. It is instinct with the very essence of Christianity. It sets forth the high privilege and obligation of God's people, and nobly illustrates the Scriptures—"Love is the fulfilling of the law;" "Now abideth faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these is charity." Many books of a religious character may be very pious, but are very poor in style and literary quality. Not so with this book. It possesses the same characteristics which mark Miss Booth's spoken address—tenderness, sympathy, vivacity, picturesqueness of phrase and style that arouse the interest, rivet the attention, convince the judgment, and persuade the will. We wish for this book a very wide circulation. It is beautifully printed on the Salvation Army Press in two colors—as artistic a bit of work as we have seen. No man can read it without spiritual uplift and profit.—Onward.



"A look of pleasure beamed from the boy's face."

that?" queried the urchin. "My dear boy," said the Captain kindly, as she gazed at the ill-clad figure, "you look as if you needed my help, rather than me taking your halfpenny." "Oh, no," cried the boy, "it's me own. An old toff o'er there give it me, an' I wants to give it, 'cause I likes you people," and before she could stop him he had dropped the coin into the box.

What was it that aroused in the heart of this mere child such a strong love for the Salvation Army, and anxiety to help? To most boys of his age the candy shop would have been the great attraction. The Slum Officer, anxious to hear his story, took him off to an adjacent Coffee House, and soon had him seated in a cozy corner, with a steaming mug of coffee before him, and munching away at some delicious bread and jam. Then, with womanly tact, she drew from him a story of suffering, sorrow, and succour—aye, such a story that while one is reminded of the Scotch poet's words:

*"Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn."*

presents another picture, of tenderness, compassion, and Christlikeness, the Spirit of Him Whose mission was to heal the broken-hearted, and feed the hungry, but this must be reserved for another chapter.

when they comes back they brings a bed fur mother to lie on. They washed the baby an' scrubbed the floor. Just then I comes in an' they tells me all about it." A tear glistens in the boy's eye as he finishes his story with "I'm only a poor boy, but I remembers these things, an' I likes you people."

The Captain went away to her quarters, feeling that the most precious gift in her box, was the cent given, out of gratitude, by this poor waif of the slums, whose home had been visited, hunger appeased, burdens lifted, tears dried, sorrows soothed, Christ preached, by these two rightly-named "Slum Saviours." Salvation indeed came to this house, physical and spiritual.

Reader, what are you going to do to help this glorious work on? Think of the thousands, who, like this family, are ground under the heel of oppression and poverty, lurled on by the pitiless whirl of adversity, to the terrible maelstrom of despair, daily sinking, sinking into that eternity of gloom whence no ray of light ever comes. Saviours are wanted! Jesus, the Friend of the poor, hopeless and outcast, the pitying Christ Who, "though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor," PLEADS WITH YOU FOR THEM.

"Self-Denial will prove your love to Christ," cried the trumpet tones of our

# THE FACE OF AN ANGEL.

BY EVANGELINE BOOTH  
FIELD COMMISSIONER.



ALL is over! They have done their worst! The last boulder hurled by infuriated passion has struck its blow. Ruddy stains of newly spilt blood besmear the lifeless form. Rings of matted hair staunch the oozing of open temples, and rent garments disclose, here and there, swollen and discolored flesh, yet the burnish of a sun, blushing o'er the Western hills, crowns with a golden glory the brow of the first martyr.

The face is "as of an angel"; it wears the light of the New Morning broken upon persecution's night, and no hing remains but the mutilated form and tattered clothing to suggest the preceding scene of horror. How the brutal crowd had rushed upon him; how they stopped their ears against his testimony; how they gnashed their teeth in the face of his innocence, and how with one accord they demanded his blood. I fancy I can see him! He cannot keep his footing for the mad rush of his persecutors as they hurry him over the streets to the rocky steep without the gates of the city. Then, that nought shall interfere with murderous aim, they fling off their cumbrous mantles, and flint and stone and boulder whiz through the air with a force which would carry them out of sight but for the target of the helpless victim. Strike on strike, thud on thud, blow on blow—he quivers, he staggers, he falls, and then with a face that is wonderful for the light which rests upon it, prays, "Lay not this sin to their charge," and in the midst of all the tumult, the Bible says, "fell asleep."

First,—I would like to say that I learn from this picture of a persecuted saint, that

#### A Good Man Always Has the World Against Him.

This is where so much of the uphill work of Christianity comes in. It is a great mistake to expect that the opponents of righteousness will take up any other position than an antagonistic one against those whose faith and life champion the cause of right. At the very onset of a Christian's career, the world will form its forces against him; old companions who have stood by and befriended him in the round of worldly pleasure, will be the hottest in their denunciation of his newly-chosen path. They who applauded him in frivolous entertainments will ridicule his God-directed prayers. In the business house, a myriad minor annoyances will make constant attack upon his patience and uprightness. In the workshop, life's daily warfare. There can be no doubt as to the attitude of the world towards the man who declares for God—with stones of unbelief and calumny, ridicule and malice, they will pelt him.

History records no name more widely blessed, and universally loved, than that of John Wesley, yet his ministry was one of continual outrage and insult. His disciples were abused, mobbed, spit upon, and often wounded; they were stoned and half-starved,

John Wesley, alighting from his horse one day, said "Oh, how good God is to give us these berries by the roadside, for if it were not for these berries we should almost starve." Whitfield was summoned by a man, who brought against him the charge of having converted his wife. He said, "My wife was a lion before, but now she is a lamb." John Downs died of exhaustion while he was preaching—he was starved. While Whitfield was telling of the love of Christ, on the Commons, they threw dead cats at him, but he shouted, "Throw more dead cats; they will only enrich the soil upon which we mean to raise greater harvests for our God."

John Wesley himself, who, during his lifetime alone, made 150,000 followers, had for his epitaph:—"Here lieth the body of John Wesley, a brand plucked from the burning, who died of consumption, leaving after his funeral expenses were paid, not ten pounds."

But these people, despite their poverty and maltreatment, revolutionized the world. They triumphed with a victory that has leapt into all lands; their names which were spoken in derision, are now living monuments in the memory of millions. They overcame, as the Christian who holds to the arm of God cannot fail to overcome. No matter how strong, subtle, and cruel are the forces of your foe, only stand your ground, hold to the right, and the victory, which the Bible says shall conquer the world, shall be your victory, "even your faith."

Second,—I learn from the light of this martyr's face that

#### Religion Shines Brightest in Adversity!

The battered brow and bruised form hold no power to detract from the countenance the light which ever shone in his heart. In the council-chamber, amid the torrent of false accusations, calumny and spite, that poured from the perjured lip of fraudulent witness, he shines as a solitary star in the mid-night of their darkness, for they say, "His face is as that of an angel." It seemed, the merciful Hand which held his soul to invincible purpose, swept aside life's intervening curtain, and granted a brief glimpse of glories beyond, blinding him to the bewildering scene of hate around. No wonder that his tormentors were baffled by the radiance of their prisoner's face, when he said: "I see the Heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God," but such declaration of innocence only the more excited their spite, which spent itself in outrage and blasphemous lie. The more they opposed him, the stronger was his faith; the more they reviled him, the brighter he shone. They could blast his reputation, they could belie his character, they could torture his body, they could stone him into the grave, but not bedim the light of Saving Grace! It shone in life, it shone in death, it shone as grace only can shine, and as grace will shine forever.

Is not this the difference between true religion and false profession? The latter, in the

time of test, is a heart-breaking disappointment. A man comes into a tight place in life, the foes of righteousness attack him; he is in need of greater strength than human arm or tongue or heart can give, and if the depth and height of his religion is bound between the morocco covers of his prayer book, he will go down defeated before the enemies of his soul. But for him whose religion is a real living power, giving not only the knowledge of God, but God Himself, when the storms beat, be they storms of trial, of suffering, of opposition or of dark temptation, the Heavens open as for Stephen, and give a revelation which helps faith, which imparts strength, which throws a light so convincing that even the opposing world cries, "This is Christianity! this is."

True religion is never at a loss. It holds provision for every circumstance. No emergency can spring upon the soul with greater rapidity than the grace of God can spring to meet it. The forces of evil will never outnumber the forces of righteousness! The waters of trial will never be too rough for Grace to ride over! Tears never spring from too deep a place for love to wipe them! Who could number the pillows it has laid upon the sufferer's couch? Who could tell the nerve it has given to trembling hearts? Who could estimate the tact and strength it has supplied for hot and desperate battles? Who could describe the light it has brought to the most gloomy and shady places, changing the tired and worn countenance into "the face of an angel?"

Oh, religion is a grand thing! religion is a high thing! religion is a shining thing! religion is the best thing! Don't judge yours in the day of prosperity, but use your seasons of test and trial to prove the depth and height and breadth of your personal religion.

Third,—I learn from this picture of a martyr sealed in blood, that

#### It Is Better to Die For Your Religion Than Forsake It.

Stephen was the first martyr! His stone-pelted feet opened up the track, since trod by the long procession of Christian heroes and heroines, who have chosen to lay down their lives on burning stake or torturing rack, rather than forsake their Christ. Above the crash of falling flint and rolling boulder, his example cries, "Better to die for, and with the truth, than live without it." Oh blessed choice! The angels stoop in wonder over Heaven's parapets that any man should hesitate to decide thus. For what is mortality, compared with the breath of eternal day? Is not religion, with its exhaustless store of immortal treasure, worth any sacrifice of treasures that die? Earth should only be made the pathway to Heaven—life only used to fit us for the sky.

Have not those who have let go their hope in God for fear of suffering, lived to prove that nothing can make up for a lost religion? No earthly brilliants found either in the fame of this world, the admiration of society, or the glittering of amusements, can compensate for the lost light of the soul! What a bleak blackness left when that lamp has gone out! What a death when that life is fled! There is no more sad and desolate condition, than the state of that soul once knit with the heart of God, who has deserted his calling and Christ, for fear of suffering and loss.

Can we not say that a forsaken faith, a denied truth, a slain conscience, accounts for the empty professions, the useless lives, the heart-rending disappointments of which the church is full? Souls are continually coming up to the point when it means the stones and Jesus, or earthly gain and a lost religion. Destinies just as eternal and far-reaching hang upon their choice, as did upon Stephen's, but they cannot always see it. The devil can make an hour so dark as to blind one's eyes to all the future glory that integrity and righteousness will bring, and only faith can penetrate the gloom, and hold to the path, which, while stretching through the dark wastes of self-denial, leads into the full morning of a perfect day. I see that its distant breaking caught Stephen's face on his stony

road, and its glistening sunbeams wrote in and over the blood stains for your benefit and mine, " Better die for your religion than forsake it."

To forsake it brings, sooner or later, indescribable agony. Some days ago a backslider said to me: " You see, Miss Booth, to have stood by my religion asked a sacrifice too great—it meant such heavy cross-bearing." " And what has it meant to forsake it?" I asked, with a quick flash of the eye and a hastening flush to the cheek. " Hell on earth to me," was the reply; " and the death-blow to all that I prized within my heart and home. It has meant the turning of my feet from the straight paths of truth, and their treading the thorny ways of the world's cruel deceptions. It has meant the loss of the truest friends that one in this life can have—those who are the friends of God. It has meant the gambling table pushed in the way of the family altar. It has meant the breaking of one of the tenderest hearts God ever gave a man in a wife. It has meant the paling of some of the fairest little cheeks with which heaven ever blessed a home. It has meant the carrying of a stinging conscience through an empty, useless life, which

**To Live is but a Death."**

Oh, what indescribable suffering men too often bring upon themselves by choosing the way of pleasantness rather than the way of peace.

But there are those, numbering thousands, who, in the face of every sacrifice, have held to the " confidence which has great recompense of reward."

The familiar door had swung to for the last time behind him, the irascible manager had turned his back, the tittering clerks were whispering behind their ledgers of the foolishness of a man who for a scruple would lose his situation, and yet as the evicted employee walked down the street in face of a lost reference, an unprovided mother, and gloomy future, an unoffended conscience and protected peace woke a gladness in his soul which the lost situation could not mar, and the God Who saw Daniel through the lions' den with a converted nation, and Stephen through the stones

with a shining face and Heaven, will see this young man through equally victorious.

Somebody told me the other day of a young girl whose heart, filled with the tenderness of Jesus' love, left her all to seek the souls of the poor, unloved lepers. The call was a very special one! It meant a very great deal! A complete and final farewell to all that home and friends and country held dear; yet she did not hesitate, but gladly changed her sheltered life for one of desolation and peril. For eight long years she herself has been smitten by the deadly and loathsome disease, yet her letters are those of such joy over the souls reached and saved, that one would almost envy her as they read them. Oh, after all, what is the pain of suffering, privation and loneliness compared with the honor of being " Mothers in Israel, leaders of the people, saviours of the lost."

No triumph can follow the shattering of holy vows, and the withdrawing from holy purpose, whereas all victory, highest and grandest, leaps to crown the sacrifice made for their keeping; even death becomes glory.

Lastly, I learn from the picture of this sleeping warrior of the Cross, that

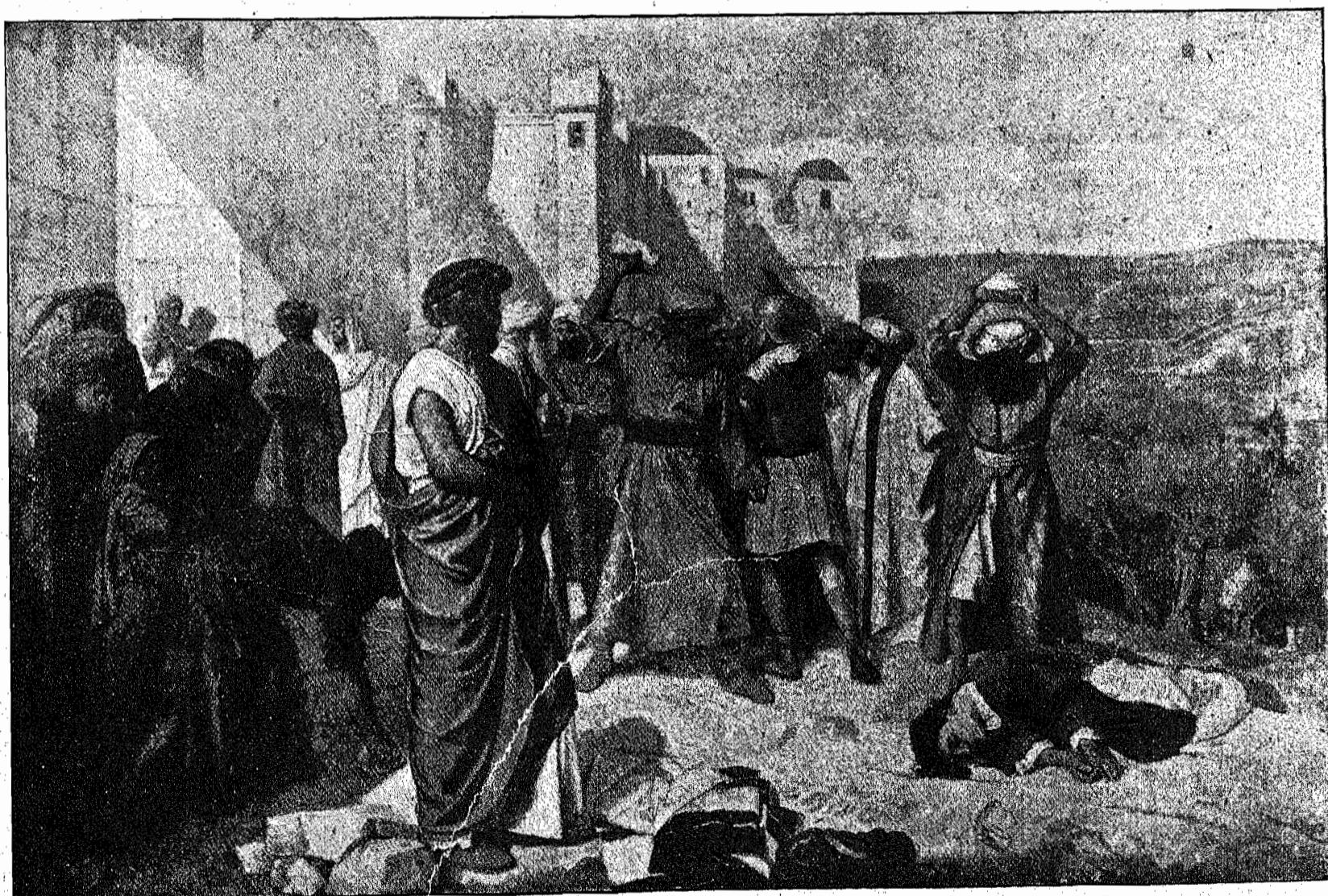
**The Dying will be all right if the Living is.**

Christians of all ages have proved this. No matter what fiendish devices have extinguished the light, or what hours of suffering at the last have distorted the frame, or to what extent has privation of all human comforts hastened the passing of the soul, we find the crossing of the rubicon of death is alone influenced by the preceding journey of life. I do not think that anyone need be afraid of how they will die, if they are not afraid of how they will live. Those who have seen Christ through this vale of mists and tears, will surely see Him still better when it is lifting. Stephen's beautiful and courageous testimony given in the council-chamber accounted for his peaceful sleeping amidst the storm of abuse and stony shot. His message was delivered, his faith was upheld, his love was declared, his Christ was defended—of course he could die, and die with that light and peace which made his countenance shine even in death " as the face of an angel." He had nothing to fear!

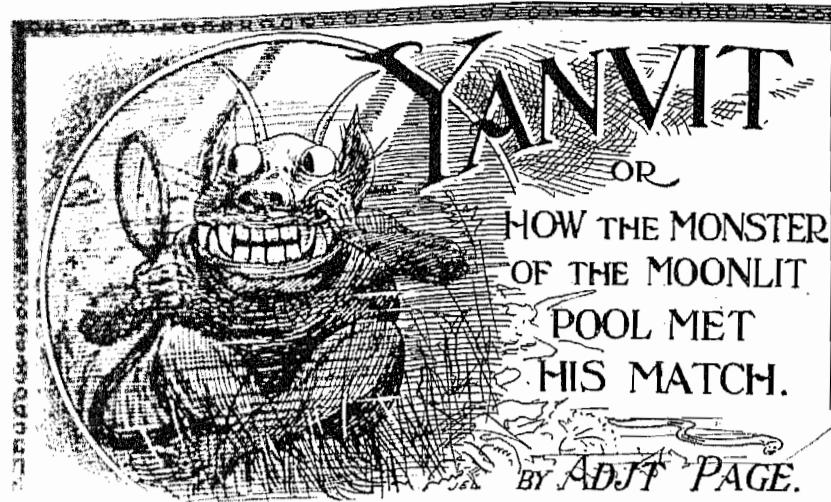
Hugh McKail went to the side of the scaffold upon which he was to burn, and cried: " Farewell sun, farewell moon, farewell stars, farewell all earthly delights!" then went to the other side of the scaffold and cried: " Welcome, God, my Father! welcome, Jesus Christ! welcome, the world's Redeemer! welcome death and glory!" Yes, even glory in death, just because Christ Himself waded through the Jordan, Himself walked through the shadows, Himself laid in the cold sod of the grave, burst its bonds, crushed its strength, quenched its sting, wrested its triumph, leaving in the valley the candle of Redemption for all the redeemed. I say that the dying will be all right if the living has been.

The sole reason for the fear in death that seizes the heart, the dark struggle that enters the soul, and the shadow that crosses the face, is told in the four words, " not ready to die." No preparation made, wrongs in the life unadjusted, evil practices unpardonable, dark sins unwashed. No testimony of holy living to support the spirit, no memory of sacrifices made for Jesus to insure His presence through the Flood.

It is quite natural when you cannot take anything with you out of this world, and you are not sure of anything bright in the next, that dying is very hard and dark, but you cannot blame death—death, which lifted Stephen from the stone-pelt, within Golden Portals; death which has brought cessation of suffering. No! you cannot blame death if dying is hard, you must blame the life. As a river or lake in the approaching shadows of evening reflects all surrounding objects, so the Jordan, in the shades of the valley, serves as a mirror reflecting the life that is closing, and if the life is full of wrongs and sins, then the death-bed will be thickly o'er-shadowed by them. But those who loved God in life, praise him in death. Those who have served Him in life sing His love in death, and so there is no need of anxiety respecting the dying, only great need for cheerfulness, watchfulness and prayerfulness through the living, and the grace which lit Stephen's face with the light of an angel's, will light the valley for even me and you, robbing the grave of its victory, and death of its sting.



"They . . . cast him out of the city, and stoned him; and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul."—Acts vii, verse 55.



**B**ELOW within the dark recesses of the forests of the Fatherland there lay, many years ago, the peaceful little village of Goslar. So picturesque were its red gables nestling beneath the tall pines, so fascinating its narrow causeways winding with irregular grace from the high road to the mountain side, so glorious the view of dazzling Prussian sky and wondrous Prussian landscape, which openings in the foliage afforded, that many visitors from towns far distant penetrated its seclusion.

Perhaps it was one of these visitors who first told the maidens of the village how their beauty matched their surroundings, for with the inherent modesty of the country folk the German equivalent for comely was the highest term of praise. There was no denying the fact that the girls' faces were very lovely, with a loveliness that seemed to have borrowed its tints from those painted by nature round their forest home, and its elasticity and originality from the buoyancy of their mountain altitude. Those who loved them best were grieved to discern the dawn of self-consciousness in their eyes, and at last it came to be said of them as it has been spoken of so many of their sisters through later ages, that they were pretty—but they knew it.

It was about this time that somebody found out the wonderful properties of the deep, dark pool which lay outside of the village. This was a strange, lonely lake, fringed with a gloomy border of dark weeds. The water was black as ink, and no matter what winds rustled round, it had never been known to show ripple or wave. Yet it was said whoever looked into its murky depths in the twilight or when the moon was up, saw their own face vested with ten-fold beauty. This tale was generally told with a caution not to look too late, for there were rumors of some hidden horror which came out after sunset and dragged the vain onlooker into the pool, never to be heard of any more. This caution, however, was soon forgotten in the fascination of the previous description, although long both were testified to by a wail which rose in cottage homes bereft of their brightest blossoms, whose forms were last seen hovering in the twilight near the bewitched water.

These strange disappearances hung heavy shadows over Goslar, but a general gloom spread over the mountain side when the cry rose from one widowed home that Elsa was missing. Elsa was the flower of the flock, the pride of the village and the light of her mother's eyes. The beauty of her devoted life, the cheerful toil which she expended upon her daily tasks equalled that of feature and form, in which she surpassed any other girl in the village.

When that night Elsa had found herself alone in the vicinity of the pool, she had no serious thoughts of going near it. She was on her way to the manor with some of the produce of her mother's small farm, and that, in passing, she should actually lay down the little basket upon the green sward and look into the enchanted water was altogether unpremeditated. People had often said "Bless her sweet face," and there was no mirror in her mountain home to test their veracity—might she not take one peep to see if the curl which the light breeze lifted was provokingly awry. This was the temptation—no sooner suggested than obeyed.

It was done, the peep taken—a very short one, but sufficient to tell Elsa

that none had said a word too much about her beauty, and that the aforesaid curl hid it in a most distracting way. Strange, that water so stagnant should present so brilliant a reflection. She must look again to put the curl straight—this time she leaned right over. Her hand was up to re-arrange the refractory lock, when, without warning, a hand of steel shot out of the water, and before she could scream she was dragged under. All left to tell the sad story to a despairing mother's heart was the little basket of

just as the last glow of sunset faded from the west and the first pale gleam of the moon shone down, the hand of steel sprang up and darting right out of the water fastened itself in his coat. But the rope saved him and the hook disappeared with an angry splash.

Feeling himself already master of his foe, Wolfram began to dig. All night till his arms ached and his head swam he labored until a trench was made deep enough and long enough to drain the pool. Then on its slimy bed he saw a horrid monster surrounded by victims in a dying condition, amongst whom Wolfram recognized with a groan of mingled joy and pain the motionless form of his lost Elsa.

"My name is Yanvit," said the hideous wretch with a gesture of authority, which seemed frightful with his repulsive and cruel appearance. "These are mine—mine," he repeated with a fiendish grin, "my subjects, for they have bowed to me."

"I will be your slave," cried Wolfram, "if Elsa may go free."

"You love her?" asked Yanvit.

"Better than my life," said Wolfram.

"I will do anything to save her."

"Will you?" hissed the monster with another grin, more hideous than the first, "then you need not, for love is stronger than Yanvit, and you are both free."

With tears of joy Wolfram received



Elsa looks in the Fatal Mirror.

eggs upon the margin of the pool, and this was a great deal more than the grief-stricken knew for many a long day.

But Elsa was betrothed to Wolfram, who had the name of being the bravest lad in the village, and he was not going to lose his bride without a search. He knew the soul of Elsa was as true as her face was beautiful, and felt that some sudden temptation must have swept her from his side. He could not believe her utterly destroyed. He would, at least, make a gallant attempt to find and rescue her.

So the dark shadows of the autumn twilight found him one night waiting by the fatal pool. He had provided himself with a strong rope which he had first tied round his waist and then about the trunk of a stout tree. But I think Wolfram took his wisest precaution in refusing to look into the pool, and thus test its temptation for himself. He had not long to wait, for

Elsa's fainting form which revived at his touch. Yet, as he was dragging her from the fatal spot, he lingered another moment seeing the water rush back from the trench, and cried:

"Cannot I drain this pool for ever, so that there shall be no more lure of Yanvit to tempt mortals?"

"Nay," said a voice which seemed to come from above and not beneath the water, "for temptation is not man's to remove, but this you may do: Warn the unwary, and if others will risk life for the love of the lost let them come and do as thou."

This, they say, happened hundreds of years ago, when the world was young, and men saw the monsters which now they only feel. But vanity, which is only one of the names for the great tyrant self, is no less real today, and its one antidote is the sacrifice of a loving heart. For he who seeks to stay must suffer, and he who seeks to save must lose.



### THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY VISITS WINNIPEG.

Large Open-Airs and Inside Attendance—Eighteen Souls for Salvation, Twelve for Holiness  
Officers' Councils a Time of Great Blessing.

After it was announced that Lieutenant-Colonel Margetts was to visit Winnipeg to conduct a series of special meetings and officers' councils, everyone looked forward to that time. Saturday morning's Pacific Express brought the Colonel, also Major and Mrs. McMillan (who were returning from Toronto) into our midst. The meeting at night was a real welcome meeting, though the Lieutenant-Colonel called it a "Welcome and Anniversary Meeting," as seven years ago he had arrived in Winnipeg to take charge of the North-West Province.

The band was out, and the march and open-air spoke of the interest taken in the Lieutenant-Colonel's visit. After the usual opening proceedings indoors, Sergeant Ferguson spoke on behalf of the Local Officers, Adjutant Clark on behalf of the Shelter, Bandmaster Vinal on behalf of the band; Mrs. Major Jewer, the Rescue Work; Adj. Kerr for the Winnipeg Corps; Adj. Cass, Chancellor for the North-West Province, on behalf of the Major and the officers of the Province. Everyone welcomed the Lieutenant-Colonel. Volleys were fired, etc. The Lieutenant-Colonel then expressed great pleasure in being privileged to be again at Winnipeg, and more especially as it was his anniversary. He replied to the kind words of welcome which had been spoken, and closed by giving a very strong and pressing invitation to the unsaved. Three souls volunteered for God.

Sunday's campaign opened with a blessed time at knee-drill, Adj. Cass leading. A good number were present.

The marches and open-airs were well attended. Big crowds. In the afternoon we had a double open-air. Adj. Kerr, assisted by the band, and Adj. Cass, assisted by the officers and soldiers. There was great interest manifested throughout.

The holiness meeting was a real heart-searching time. Four souls sought and testified to having found the blessing of a clean heart.

### Seven Out.

Sunday night was a time long to be remembered. Right from the outset of the meeting God's Spirit was felt. The large barracks was packed with an interested crowd of men and women. In this meeting Ensign Oglivie, of the Winnipeg Rescue Home, farewelled for Victoria, B. C. She spoke of the great kindness of the Winnipeg comrades and friends. God bless her.

The Lieutenant-Colonel appeared at his best in this meeting, and spoke with great force to the hearts of the backsliders and sinners. When the prayer meeting was commenced there seemed to be a hard feeling in the meeting, but the Lieutenant-Colonel labored hard, as also did the officers and soldiers, and when the Lieutenant-Colonel asked all backsliders to rise to their feet, and that by so doing acknowledge their experience as a Christian was far better than the experience they now enjoyed, some 24 dear men and women stood up. Then the invitation was given and we closed the meeting with seven precious souls at the Cross. A hallelujah dance, and a feeling of satisfaction. Praise God for ever.

Monday night the band was again to the front, which greatly helped in the success of the meeting. There was a very good attendance at this meeting. Closed with two souls.

Wednesday, all day, officers' and soldiers' councils were held in the Orange Hall. At 9:30 some 19 officers assembled in council, the Lieutenant-Colonel leading. This was a blessed time, the Colonel speaking from the word "Courage," and I am right when I say that all were inspired and more determined to take courage and go forward to push the claims of the war.

The afternoon council was for officers and soldiers. In this council the Lieutenant-Colonel spoke on the Junior

work, and the privileges of the J. S. war. Everybody was well pleased with the afternoon spent with the Territorial Secretary in council.

At night the Colonel led an officers', soldiers' and backsliders' council. In this meeting many were led to see their true condition, God Himself having spoken through the Colonel, and at the close eight souls sought for power for service, and two for salvation.

Major and Mrs. McMillan's Farewell.

It is with sorrow that I have to dwell upon Major and Mrs. McMillan's farewell from this Province. They have been faithful leaders and spiritual parents to us. On Wednesday, at half-past five the officers assembled in the small barracks to a farewell tea for the Major and his family. Some 35 officers sat down and did great justice to the nicely-laid table of dainties.

The farewell march was out of the ordinary. A hack decorated with flags was occupied by Major and Mrs. McMillan, and some of the family. Ahead of the horses were some twenty men-officers and soldiers dragging a rope attached to the rig. The band was also in attendance.

The large hall was comfortably seated, the Lieut.-Colonel leading. After a song by Ensign J. C. Habkirk, Adj't. Kerr said a few words of farewell, also Ensign Ottaway. The Lieut.-Colonel then sang a solo, "No, not one," after which Adj't. Cass read an address embodying the feelings of all the officers of the Province.

Mrs. McMillan referred very feelingly to her short stay in our midst. She had farewelled many times, but in all her experience in 18 years as an S. A. officer, she had never found it so hard to say good-bye, as it was to leave her present command.

The Major's family then sang, "God be with you till we meet again."

The Major arose amid volleys. He referred to his short stay amongst us, and how hard it was to leave the loyal band of officers which he had in the North-West Province. He (the Major) went as far as to say that he would dare to back the officers of the N.W. Province against those of any other Province.

Lieut.-Colonel then brought the meeting to a close, and when the benediction was pronounced we thanked God for four more precious souls having sought and found the Saviour, making a total of 30 souls having been at the Cross. To God be all the glory.—H. A. P.

The Cross of Jesus.

Beneath the cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand,  
The shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land;  
A home within the wilderness, a rest upon the way,  
From the burning of the noon-tide heat and the burden of the day.

I like, O cross, thy shadow for my abiding place;  
I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of His face;  
Content to let the world go by, to know no gain or loss,  
My sinful self, my only shame, my glory all the cross.

IF YOU were poor,  
or sick,  
or wretched,  
or starving,  
or without shelter,  
what would YOU wish us to do for you?

Do unto OTHERS as you would have others do unto YOU.

You can help us to help the OTHER MAN by denying yourself.

Self-Denial Week is YOUR opportunity.

# A Woman's Sacrifice.

MRS. STAFF-CAPT. STANYON.

**B**IBLICAL history furnishes many glorious illustrations of noble men and women, who, for the sake of their religion, or their nation, or their friends, have absolutely despised their own personal interests, and embraced sacrifice, suffering, and in some cases even death itself, to promote the cause which they had at heart.

I think amongst the choicest of these is the story of that Jewish heroine—Queen Esther.

Although the name of God cannot be found in that particular book, the hand of God can plainly be seen all through it; and its history teems with lessons of import to be learned from its various characters. But of these

so soon to die—the strong and the weak, the old and the young, the parents and the children—all this—all!—to appease the wrath of one cruel-hearted man.

With this doomed people all was dark—as dark as night! No star of hope shone in their sky! Death only, and a cruel death, awaited them! The sword was already lifted in a relentless enemy's hand!

Whilst the tears fell and the hearts broke and the darkness thickened, a faint ray of hope flashed across the horizon. It came from a loyal, sympathetic, influential soul!

Queen Esther has decided, at all risks, to intercede for or die with her people. The opportunity was indeed a vital one. A nation in the balances! Mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, to



Queen Esther before the King.

none is more striking than that of Esther herself, whose sacrifice was a model expression of a devoted heart. The lessons taught by this incident are three-fold.

It was a Vital Opportunity!

To all appearances "Might would conquer Right." All chance of escape seemed cut off, for was not the king's first and favorite minister determined upon the extermination of the whole Jewish race in his dominion? His pride has been piqued owing to one man—and he a Jew—who had refused to make obeisance to him. Wounded pride developed hatred, and hatred murder. The hell-conceived plot was fixed upon, the king's sanction obtained, and a decree was despatched from the palace of Shushan throughout the 127 provinces of the Empire, bearing the terrible news that on a certain and not far-distant day, every Jew—man, woman and child—would be put to death.

A nation wept. Tens of thousands

be spared or slain! Esther knew it and did her best to thwart this threatening evil.

A world anxiously awaits to observe how we, followers of Jesus, soldiers of the Cross, will do with ours! An opportunity, and a God-given one, is held out to us through the Self-Denial Week to sacrifice in order that the Flag of Hope may wave in the dark places of the earth, making glad and white sin-bound souls. The opportunity is here—at our doors, within our reach, and earth and heaven await the issue!

It was a Voluntary Sacrifice!

Gratitude prompted it! Esther was only an orphan, a stranger in a heathen land, her guardian of former days the kind-hearted relative whose manly courage had inspired the wrath of that blood-thirsty Haman. But the God of her land and far-off home had followed and wondrously led her on and up, until she occupied the exalted position of Queen of an Empire; and now a

chance presented itself to suffer for Him.

Does our gratitude for past mercies, blessings and leadings, constrain us to suffer if needs be that the fame of His salvation may spread and His Kingdom come?

Love for her people gave her courage at this critical moment. It was not a mere sentiment, but a practical love! These people were dear to her, although distanced by a name and a throne; their God was her's, their joys were her's, their sorrows were her's; when fortune turned against them, its smile lost its radiance for her, and her heart beat in true sympathy with theirs, and she felt she must save or die with them!

Since that inhuman order had been issued she could almost hear the shriek of the children, the wails of the mothers, the groans of the dying, until her emotions became so strong they compelled her to action.

Does the condition of the sin-oppressed arouse our sympathies? Do their cries for help appeal to our hearts? and does their despair make us to sacrifice in their interests? or is our love a mere sentiment? Let us test it! The real thing will prompt to action, the artificial will allow us to remain at ease! But what made Esther's sacrifice of such infinite value was the fact that it was a personal one.

No one else could approach the king to make intercession for this oppressed people. If she was not willing, therefore, to brave the consequent dangers by so doing, then their only hope was gone. But Esther felt her responsibility. The path of duty was clear before her. She counted the cost and determined to do even should she die in the attempt.

It was an action fraught with possibilities of tremendous cost. To enter unbidden into the king's presence was in itself considered a crime worthy of death! Again, if by favor of the king she was spared this punishment, it might mean the loss of her name and position, or the forfeiting of her affection. But the love for her suffering, stricken people was greater, higher, deeper and stronger than any other human love of her life. If it did mean the loss of name, throne, or husband to achieve her purpose, she was ready to pay the price.

Is not this the kind of sacrifice that heaven glories in when seen on earth? We say we love the sin-stricken and lost, but can we call anything we have done for their liberation by the name of sacrifice in the light of Queen Esther's service? God measures our love for a dying world by our readiness to suffer for it! Christ loved, and Calvary's sacrifice revealed it as nothing else could have done.

Others were inspired to self-denial by her action! She issued a proclamation to the condemned for a three days' fast, her maidens also caught the spirit, and heart to heart, hand to hand, and purpose to purpose unitedly they helped their Queen to bring about the desired end.

Notice her words: "If I perish, I perish." They reveal the grandeur of her character, the fixedness of her purpose, the sublimity of her courage, and make her almost equal to Moses in sacrifice; when, for the sake of his people, he declared his willingness to have his name blotted out of the Book of Life.

Woman has stood often in the front ranks of sacrifice in the interests of the oppressed and weak. Our own queen of women-warriors (the glorified Catherine Booth) has set the example for every woman officer and soldier of the rank and file to follow! Are we in that march? If not, let us fall in line at once; and if we are, then in Jesus' strength we'll push "On and on, and still on," until we see Him face to face "Who loved us and gave Himself for us."

A Nation's Salvation was at Stake.

Esther's plan brought about:—The promotion of the innocent. The destruction of the guilty. "Light, gladness, joy and honor" to the oppressed.

A great number of converts to her religion.

She went into the king's presence backed up by a nation's prayers, in the courage of her convictions, and with God and justice on her side brought about the glorious fulfilment of united desire.

Who can say what benefits will be enjoyed through Time and Eternity as a result of any individual sacrifice for others' good?

# "The World for Christ."

No. IV.

BY THE GENERAL.

## WHAT OUGHT WE TO DO?

THE WHOLE WORLD LIETH IN WICKEDNESS." That was the Bible testimony concerning it two thousand years ago, and you have only to look around you to be satisfied that that melancholy description can be truthfully applied to it to-day. Its sons talk about the triumphs of civilization, and the followers of Christ delight in what they term the advances of Christianity; but I must say that I cannot find any just reason to think any better of it in my time than John did in his.

Satan is still its god, is faithfully worshipped and rigidly obeyed. It has come under his power.

He has bound it with the chains of habit, and pleasure, and gain, and ambition, and fear, and unbelief. He has it fast. His government is strong and powerful; his methods, and agencies, and management are perfect. Whoever despises organization, the devil esteems it at its true value.

Satan has his high commissioners. You might numerate them. There is:

The Drink Fiend.  
The Gambling Fiend.  
The Lust Fiend.  
The War Fiend.  
The Gold Fiend.  
The Dress Fiend.  
The Pleasure Fiend.  
The Hypocrisy Fiend.  
The Fiction Fiend.  
The Ambition Fiend.  
The Cruelty Fiend.  
And last, but not least, the Infidel Fiend.

There may be, and probably are, other leading officers in his ranks; but these strike me as having the pre-eminence, and as doing or directing the great bulk of his damnable business in the world.

But these again have their leading agents, consisting of men and women who for "filthy lucre" do his cruel trade. They consist of Brewers, Distillers, Publicans, Brothel Owners, Gamblers, Unclean Literature Producers and Vendors, Musical Agents who create and pander to the unnatural passions of the young, together with the Corruptors of the race generally. To these you may add a host of wilful injectors of Doubt and Unbelief about God, His truth, and His people.

These classes are, I am sorry to say, willing agents. They know what they are doing. As a rule, they are aware that they fatten on the tears, miseries, broken hearts, and ruined souls of those for whom they cater with their infernal stratagems and filthy abominations.

## IGNORANT AGENTS.

But there is a class too numerous to describe, who are the agents of Satan in Ignorance. Like the men who shed the blood of the Saviour of mankind, they know not what they do. To this class belong the innumerable army of parents, teachers, writers, politicians, and the like, who deal with those under their influence, do their business, take their pleasure, and generally live, and move, and have their being as though there were no God in the heavens. Who will one day come to judge the world; no Christ interceding with His blood at the Father's right hand for the salvation of those for whom He died; no Holy Ghost seeking the hearts of the multitudes; no Bible, no Heaven, and no Hell. This constitutes Satan's great Auxiliary Army, and is, perhaps, more influential and potent for evil than all his other forces besides.

Then he has his Orders and Regulations—a great deal stricter than those of the Salvation Army, and, I am afraid, a great deal more carefully kept. He has his inspectors ever on the alert. He has his great "Revival Booms," mighty seasons for the stirring up of evil passions, the manufacturing of wobblers, the production generally of desperation, recklessness, suicide, murder and damnation. Indeed, he has seized upon some of the seasons originated for the celebration of the most important epochs in the history of the Saviour of mankind, and transformed them into pandemoniums of all

that is devilish, or that resembles Hell itself!

Then he does not leave things exclusively to his myrmidons. He looks carefully after his extensive business himself. The great Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of Evil is ever on the War Path—now roaring in wrath and terror, like an enraged lion of the forest, and now transformed into an Angel of Light, alluring and deceiving the children of men.

Oh, yes; his hold on the hearts and allegiances of mankind is stronger and more determined than ever before at any previous period in the history of the world. But don't despair. Oh, my comrades, we must not give this poor world up! No, we never will, until the Son of God loses heart and the Spirit takes His flight, and, as with the people who perished in the flood, leaves it to its fate.

"Oh, that is an awful picture!" I hear someone say. "What can I do to mend this state of things? Yes, that is the question, brother, sister, whoever you may be. Now you talk like a Salvationist. But there is an enquiry that goes before that. It is, What ought you to do? And that is a question I don't want to answer for you. I want you to frame a reply to it for yourself. I want you to fix the measure and character of your own responsibility. I may be able to assist you in the task. I will try.

## THE STANDARD.

Now mind, you have to find out what you ought to do to help your Lord in the saving of the world, and for that work we require a standard. How else can we make the measurement? You all know what I mean by a standard. When you go to the stores and pay for a certain amount of cloth, you want to know that you get the quality for which you bargained, and, accordingly, you have it compared with a certain fixed standard, or yard measure, and by that means you discover whether or no you have secured your due.

Now, where shall we find a standard by which we can ascertain what we ought to give of our hearts, and time, and influence, and money, and toil, to help Jesus Christ in His great struggle to bring this poor world to God? Yes! Let me see. Where shall we find one?

Shall we go to the Christians around us, and measure our efforts for Christ and souls by what they do?

Shall we go to our comrade-Salvationists and measure our doings by theirs?

Shall we go to the library and read up the stories of those who have lived in former times, and measure our doings by those of the Christians of old?

No! The doing of none of these will be a satisfactory standard by which you can judge what you ought to do. Where, then, shall we find a standard? Come with me and I will show you.

1. FIRST, COME WITH ME TO CALVARY'S HILL AND LOOK AT THE SON OF GOD AS HE HANGS EXPIRING THERE. Look at the bleeding brow, the pierced hands, the riven side, the heaving chest, the streaming eyes; and then listen to the bitter wail which tells of the waves of agony more terrible still, that are rolling over his soul, and which terminate in the breaking of His great heart. And then remember that all this is endured to save the world from its sorrow and sins.

And then remind yourself that it is your Lord, and Master, and Example, that hangs there, and say to Him: "Dear Saviour, if You came all the way from Heaven, endured all that life of shame, and died that death of agony for the poor world and for me, what ought not I, who have been a sharer in its sins, to do for Thy dear sake to bring it to Thyself?" and then sing—

"Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,  
And bathe and wash them with my  
tears;  
The story of Thy love repeat  
In every drooping sinner's ears,  
That all may hear the quickening  
sound,  
Since I, e'en I, have mercy found."

2. COME WITH ME AND LET US TURN OVER THE RECORD OF

YOUR LIFE-WORK. In our review the other day you discovered much that you had left undone. What say you about that old score? What about the words you ought to have spoken, the tears you ought to have shed, the money you ought to have given, and the sacrifices you ought to have made, for Christ and the salvation of souls? What, in view of these shortcomings, ought you to do in the future? If you cannot pay the old debt, don't contract new ones.

3. COME WITH ME AND LOOK AT THE CRYING MISERIES AND SINS OF THE WORLD AT YOUR VERY DOORS. Do you ever go out of your way to look at the black, seething ocean of wretchedness and iniquity which exists within a few hundred yards of your dwelling? Nehemiah travelled around Jerusalem in the moonlight to behold its ruins, and then wept over them. Do you ever take little journeys to behold the wreckage of human hearts and homes? Come along and look at the drinking hells, the gambling infernos, the filthy brothels, the dancing abominations, the squalid slums! Come along and hear these men and women—made the image of God, and redeemed by the Blood of His Son—curse their Maker, their Christ, and their own bodies and souls! Hear them damn their wives and children to hell for ever and ever, and then ask yourself what you ought to do with your life and opportunities, many or few, to stop the gallop to destruction of those poor creatures, and to pull them out of the fires of hell, to which their iniquities have already consigned them.

4. HERE, COME WITH ME! WE WILL GO FURTHER AFIELD. WE WILL PASS THE BOUNDS OF TIME AND SPACE, ENTER THE BRAZEN GATES OF HELL ITSELF, AND SURVEY THE MISERIES OF THOSE WHO HAVE GONE TO THAT BLACK ABODE FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD IN WHICH YOU LIVE. I dare not talk about the surrounding horrors of that damned place; but, oh! look at the poor creatures, and hear their voices and regrets; hear them describe the agonies proceeding from the fires of wrath that burn in their bosoms, and the worms of remorse that gnaw at their hearts, and then tell me, tell yourself, what you think you ought to do to prevent any more going from your home, your parish, your audiences, down to that dwelling-place of the lost.

5. COME WITH ME, AND WE WILL JOURNEY IN ANOTHER DIRECTION: WE WILL PASS THROUGH THE PORTALS OF THE REALMS OF BLISS AND LOOK AT THE FIELDS OF PARADISE. But, no; such a vision is impossible to us, for we have hardly entered before we are recognized as having come from our poor world and as having to return there, and round us cluster the departed friends of men, and women, and children, living around in our cities, and towns, and streets, and homes. Listen! They implore us to hasten away back again to earth, which they have no opportunity of doing, and spend and be spent in saving their kindred neighbors and friends, and starting them on the way to their beautiful home.

6. COME WITH ME AND MEDITATE ON WHAT THE WILL OF GOD MUST BE CONCERNING YOU, AND ASK YOURSELF, "WHAT WOULD HE HAVE ME TO DO WITH MYSELF NOW, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW, AND EVERY DAY? What sort of life does He wish me to live? What would He have me do to help men out of their miseries and sins?" and then kneel down and cry out, relying on Divine strength for carrying out your resolution.

## "THY WILL BE DONE!"

(To be continued.)

Dad Cooper, of Jamestown, N.D.



Dad Cooper was saved at the age of nearly seventy, when he was supposed to be on his death bed. God saved and healed him. He is Color-Sergeant, present at most meetings, and always willing to do his share for the Kingdom.

## My First Impression OF WEST ON

By BRIGADIER PUGM

London is all right. My meetings were held here, and a glorious week-end. Some results were: six souls, collected nice crowds.

The band is in excellent tri

nal, every man in his place, not only play but pray.

Is it wicked to dance be

Lord? Ask the Sergt. Major writer. The sight of five so

ing in a row at the Mercy

the glory into their feet as we

their hearts.

I was pleased to meet wit

Armstrong. Sorry to report h

an accident, but he will be

feet before S.D., and we s

from him again.

It was my pleasure to meet

of the soldiers after the da

was over. They are a noble

their S.D. target is assur

and all will be well.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips, Capt. Cowan, and Capt. Si

dered good assistance in the

Chatham was the next on

and what a time we had! To

The writer and Adj't. Coop

worked together in days gone

ers and soldiers were in fr

Blenheim, and we were del

meet with them. They gave

hot welcome.

The S.D. in the Chatham I

all right. At least the offi

soldiers gave me an assur

in the soldiers' meeting whi

My fare had been collecte

ranged for previous to the

and the same was presented

the platform by David Far

sealed envelope, with a kin

closed, from the soldiers. T

excellent idea.

At the time of writing M

Coombs is not well. Pray fo

The weather and roads bei

able, a cycling party of offi

ed down to my welcome meet

Thomas. Staff-Capt. Phillips

with a rousing song, after w

Juniors sang a welcome song

The meeting was one of the

kind. God came near to

McAmmond, Capt. Smith, and

Ill assisted. Capt. Fell and

are in command, and by the

brave troops, we predict a g

fight here. In the soldiers

they gave us an assurance of

Stratford is a District Ce

Wednesday night found Sta

Phillips and myself on the w

duct a public meeting ther

had been well arranged by th

Ensign and Capt. Green.

Adjt. Orchard, Ensign and

Kenzie, Capt. McCutcheon

dinson were in evidence and

in the meeting.

The soldiers' meeting, whi

ed the public one, will do go

so we predict. Oh, for a

His work in this District!

faithful Bro. Richardson he

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the writer's privile

duct a noon-day meeting on

at the London Rescue Hom

the devoted Staff-Capt. Cow

command. Two souls knel

Mercy Seat at this little gath

\* \* \* \* \*

"The S.D. in the W. O. P.

So says Staff-Captain Phillips

your eye on it and you will

# How He Settled His Destiny.

By BRIGADIER MRS. READ.

*By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter. Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.*

[This article was given as an address in the Central Prison, Toronto; during the service 37 men were converted.—Ed.]

HIS is an age of interrogation. Everybody is asking, "Why?" "Tell me the reason for it and I will accept what you say." "I will believe nothing," says the sceptic, "unless I can understand it, unless I can comprehend it." There are many things in the realm of science and nature that the agnostic accepts which he can neither explain nor comprehend, but it is not the purpose of my address to deal with these arguments. It is my desire to answer a question constantly addressed to the ambassadors of the Cross. We are asked repeatedly, "Why are some souls lost eternally, and others saved?" "If there is a God, a supreme Creator, Who is interested in the welfare and happiness of the human race, is He not a partial Being to condemn some of His creatures to misery unending, while to others are apportioned everlasting happiness?" My reply to such enquiries is: God in His infinite wisdom has bestowed certain good gifts upon man. If I were asked to classify them according to their worth, I should say first of all the gift of His Son, Jesus Christ, to be the propitiation for our sins. 2nd, the power to reject the evil and accept the good, and vice versa. There are many others, the gift of life, so little valued until oftentimes its possessor feels the insidious inroads of disease. The gift of a sound mind; in fact their name is legion. It is to the second of these blessings I wish to direct your thoughtful attention.

#### The Power to Choose.

We have not been created mere automatic machines, but endowed with faculties of mind and heart which we are responsible for exercising in the seeking of our highest good. The preciousness of His great gift is impressed upon us when we remember how much we are absolutely powerless to control. For instance, 1st, the time, place, and environment of one's birth. I have no statistics, but I think it is a problem unsolved whether there have been more lives sacrificed upon the altar of religious zeal, or through love of country and flag. Oh, the wild delirium evoked by the sight of a bit of hunting waving in the breeze, and yet there is no choice as to the land of our nativity.

2nd.—MENTAL CAPACITIES. We can improve what God has given, but if we had power to choose our own mental status who is there present who would not choose to be gifted, to sway the minds of men by the power of eloquence, or set the bells of fame and glory ringing by the production of their genius?

3rd.—EARTHLY ESTATE. By industry men can rise to certain prominence, as many have done; but how different the lives of my listeners would have been could they have moulded them at their will.

4th.—PERSONAL APPEARANCE. Manhood and womanhood may be beautified by the charm of a pure, noble character, but considering how some women sacrifice health, time and comfort in their attempt to alter their appearance, they must consider a beautiful personality very desirable.

5th.—TIME TO DIE. Oh, my hearers, you say, now if I could only tell when I am going to die how much happier I should be! But the word tells us, "In such an hour as ye think not!" Death is the change only of a moment, but it is an event which casts its shadow over a whole lifetime, and many summoned in an unprepared state have been willing to give all their possessions for a few moments of precious life. How serious then is the question which we put before you to-day. Our text furnishes a beautiful example of one, who, when the time of choosing came in his life—as the crisis comes to all lives—made a wise choice. We have a revelation of Moses' life in the words we have read—"Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to



Brigadier Mrs. Read.

enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." This gives us the key which unlocks the secret to all the wonderful "afterwards" of his career.

Consider for a moment what this choice meant to Moses. His story is familiar to all. It is one of the fragrant memories that cluster round the evening hour, and the re-telling of it reminds of the sweet cadence of the loved mother-voice which first poured into baby hearts the Bible's marvellous stories. Though born of a people in exile from their own land, born "under the sentence of death," providence had intervened on his behalf and spared his life.

He had been brought up in the Royal House of Egypt. He was the adopted son of the Princess, and had enjoyed all the privileges of such a sonship. He had been educated in Egypt's best schools of knowledge. Before him doubtless stretched a brilliant future.

He might have availed himself of all the advantages of his position, but he turned his back upon all his prospects and chose the people of God. I want to give you four reasons

#### Why All Men Should Follow His Example.

First.—BECAUSE THE SERVICE OF GOD IS A REASONABLE SERVICE, and man needs a power other than his own if he is to achieve self-mastery. Men have subdued strong passions and conquered much in themselves by the force of will, but how frail and vacillating the human resolution has often proved until the citadel of the heart has been yielded to God and Christ has been there enthroned. Then what a shipwreck men have often made of life.

Second.—IT IS THE WINNING SIDE. Bishop Faber truly says, "For right is right, and God is God, and right the day must win." But Moses chose not glory and fame, but "to suffer affliction." His countrymen were in bondage. The taskmaster's yoke was heavy upon them and they were sore pressed in their serving by the scourge of his lash. They were weak and oppressed. Apparently theirs was all loss, but a change came. Theirs was the triumph, theirs the liberty, theirs freedom from slavery's chains, and so it is. "What will you give us?" cried the men of Rome as Garibaldi; the Italian patriot, cried through their streets, "Who will follow Garibaldi?" "I will give you wounds and suffering, and some of you death and graves in a foreign land," cried the great leader. "Who will follow Garibaldi?" They tossed their hats in the air—"We will follow Garibaldi," they said. It was for the victory which came after the conflict they chose.

The Christian's warfare is an ultimate triumph, and you, my friends, can wage it. Not only the cultured, educated and strong, but those who have made a failure of life through untamed appetites and evil desires. Others have conquered, so can you. John B. Gough determined to conquer. He struggled and prayed for six days and nights in a lonely attic, without

light, food, or fire, but he came out in God's pure sunshine a free man.

Third.—THIS CHOICE MAKES MEN USEFUL. Moses took the humble place and chose God's service first. Jehovah then chose him to be the emancipator of his people. Who are the men and women whose names are engraved on the human tablets and the annals of fame to-day? The men who made God their choice. John Wesley, John Knox, Martin Luther, Cranmer, Madam Guyon, General Booth, Mrs. Booth, Francis Willard, and a thousand whose names rush to your minds. And not only the great men—for all cannot be great—but the humble company in the church militant, as well as the church triumphant. They chose the Cross. They won the crown. They chose the shame and received the glory.

I have one other reason to draw your attention to. Fourth.—THE FUTURE LIFE. Moses had the option of the "pleasures of sin," but "Via crucis Via lucis," the way of the Cross is the way of light. Moses recognized a truth we must all face, that those pleasures are only "for a season," and they terminate unexpectedly by death or their consequences. The joys of God's service are everlasting. "If a man die shall he live again?" Ten million voices from the great beyond seem to answer, "Yes, yes, yes!" The desire for the infinite proves infinity, says a French writer, Victor Hugo, and all the best instincts of the soul leap as a flame and burn upon our brains an answer in the affirmative.

Some time ago I knelt on the stone floor of a prison cell. I was pleading with a man whose hands had been stained with human blood and who was awaiting the sad penalty of his awful crime. His hope was that there is no hereafter, that he might die as an animal. That thought was the only one which brought any comfort to his mind. Oh, mournful thought, oh, gloomy unbelief, depart from every soul! Take away the hope of immortality and what have you left? Echo answers, Nothing!

If there is no future you will never see that loved friend again; you will never meet that faithful wife; you will never clasp that little darling whom ruthless death snatched from your home nest. Never see them again? No, no! How much louder the thud upon the coffin lid sounds to the faithless heart! How bitter the tear! How much keener the loss if you never expect to greet the dear one again. The world witnessed a pitiable scene a little time ago. A famous American went to his reward. Colonel Ingersoll's wife and daughters were inconsolable. Why? They had no hope of a reunion beyond. What a spectacle of woe! Well might the citizens of two worlds bow their heads and weep. Nothing could be more sad than the poem read at Mr. Ingersoll's funeral, especially the last verse—

"Is there beyond the silent night  
An endless day?  
Is death a door that leads to light?  
We cannot say.  
The tongueless secret locked in fate  
We do not know. We hope and wait."  
Oh, blessed immortality! When

Moses had finished his work God took him for a walk one day up to Mount Nebo and showed him all the land. He never came down again. He could not because God took him home. He was not lonely with God, though no human hand clasped his in the last supreme moment, and—

"No man knows his sepulchre,  
No man saw it e'er;  
For the angels of God  
Upturned the sod  
And laid the dead man there."

Fifteen hundred years afterwards he came back, and on the Mount of Transfiguration gave an ungainly proof of immortality.

You may, dear friend, argue that I have only given one side of the subject. I agree. You may say, "I have reasons for not deciding—at any rate, now. There are hypocrites in the church and in the Army." True, that may be so. They will be shown in their true colors on the Judgment Day. Weak argument! There is plenty of time, you protest. How do you know this?

Since we commenced this service an hour ago, 3,000 souls have passed into eternity. Death visits the Senate Chamber and the prison cell alike. If you do not avail yourself of God's invitation, "Choose ye whom ye will serve," He will take your opportunity away. Saul had his opportunity, when, for the first time in the history of the universe, the acclamation arose, "God save the king!" Was there any foreboding that the king would spend his last hours with a witch, and fall a suicide upon his own sword?

He gave Lot's wife her opportunity to flee from Sodom, but she turned back and forfeited her chance of safety. Jehovah commanded His people to remember the Sabbath day. They forgot His commands. He carried them away into a land where there were no Sabbaths. How they mourned their lost opportunity as they hung their harps upon the willows. He desired a tithe of their wealth. They robbed Him, and in a strange land groaned over the retribution of their sin. The man who wrapped up the one talent had to pass it over to the one who made use of his talents. God is not mocked. He is a Father, but He is, too, a jealous God. Choose now His service. Do not wait until your feet are slipping down the banks of death's river and all is dark, and the warm human hand of your friend grows cold at your touch, and from the unseen you hear the cry, "You've lost your God!"

SYDNEY MINES. — After seven months without officers, Capt. Doyle arrived. After he came he had some trouble about a hall. The one the Army always had was taken from us, but the Lord opened up the way and we got another one, and after some scrubbing and whitewashing we got it to look quite clean. Last night we had our united meeting, led by our D. O. Adjt. Magee, assisted by Ensign Larnder, Capt. Percy and Perry. They gave us a good lift on the way. Before the meeting closed there was singing, praying and dancing.

## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER AT HALIFAX.

### A RECORD-BREAKER.

(BY WIRE.)

Brilliant Sunday. Halifax Academy twice gorged; hundreds turned away. Commissioner received tremendous ovation, and captivated everybody. The vast concourse was spell-bound with breathless attention for ninety minutes, as the Commissioner, with God-inspired eloquence, unfolded the Romance of Three Worlds, the Glory, the Sorrow, the Setting of the Sun in the Garden, the Redemption of the Cross, the sure Hope of the Rock of Ages. Heads were bowed, tears flowed. The battle resulted in thirteen souls at the Mercy Seat. Two hundred and forty dollars collection. Universal cry from soldiers, friends, and the press: "Come again soon!" Halifax loves its Commissioner.

MAJOR PICKERING.

# HUSTLERS'

## RENDEZVOUS.

### THE EASTERN STAR

Sheds Its Congratulatory Beams  
on Nigger.

NIGGER, IN TURN, CONGRATULATES THE  
EASTERN STAR.

CLOSE COMPETITION in the Ontario  
Lists.

BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE "EAST vs WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 114 Pacific - 46  
N.W. - 42  
Nfld. - 2  
Klondike - 2

Totals, - 114 93

Bravo, Major Pickering! You are evidently bent on sustaining your reputation. Your Eastern boomers won't let you down, I am sure. Alone and single-handed you have met and defeated the enemy. Blessings on your head!

-♦] [♦-

It is only fair to add that Newfoundland is not feeling well this week. Two lonely boomers from the Island are—(shall I say it?—a crime! You can do better, and you must!

-♦] [♦-

The North-West has done better than 42. My past experience with Major Southall assures me of brighter things.

-♦] [♦-

The Pacific is well up, and I am hoping to see them leave the 50 mark behind them yet.

-♦] [♦-

#### THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

Central Ontario Province - - 93  
West Ontario Province - - 89  
East Ontario Province - - 66

"No uncertain sound," say the C. O. Pites. "We are in to stay. Beat us if you can. We have put our hand to the plough, and we cannot turn back."

-♦] [♦-

"That's all right," say West Ontario Province hustlers. "Give us half a chance, and where will Nigger be? Wait till Brigadier Pugmire gets a good start, and Arab will astonish you all."

-♦] [♦-

There are also indications that Mag, of Montreal, has got a surprise in store for us all. Mag has never landed her Province first yet, but, as I said, there's a surprise ahead for somebody.

-♦] [♦-

#### WANTED—AN ANSWER.

How are you in your soul?  
Do you ever miss supplying a customer?

Do you put off your sales till the last minute?

Do you visit the market on Saturday morning?

Do you keep the bundle of War Crys clean and well folded?

When did you make the last attempt to increase your order?

Do you regularly settle up with your War Cry Sergt.-Major, or does he have to hunt you up?

-♦] [♦-

Carmen and Medicine Hat, two new openings in the North-West Province, have started the ball rolling with 50 War Crys each. I notice Major McMillan has backed the North-West officers against any in the field. If the officers in these places are good samples, I shall confidently expect to hear that each have risen to the century mark.

-♦] [♦-

Bro. Gooda, our late Farm War Cry Sergeant, reports the sale of 26 Crys

and 17 Soldiers, one suit all covered with mud and another somewhat damaged by a dog's teeth. That is boozing under difficulties. But it would take a good many dogs and much mud to frighten Charley.

-♦] [♦-

Adjt. McGill sold 47 Crys in 47 minutes, and he says he thinks he can beat this! I am of the opinion that Adjt. McGill holds the record for individual sales. Am I right? If any boomer can beat this, I shall be glad to hear from him or her.

#### EAST vs. WEST.

##### EASTERN PROVINCE.

114 Hustlers.

Mrs. Fraser, Moncton ..... 125  
Sergt. Veinot, Halifax II ..... 120  
Sergt.-Major Flood, Hamilton ..... 110  
Sergt. E. White, Campbellton ..... 110  
Lieut. Lebans, Amherst ..... 100  
James Kelly, St. George's ..... 100  
Capt. Breault, St. George's ..... 100  
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown ..... 95  
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown ..... 94  
Lieut. Cowan, Calais ..... 84  
Ensign Parsons, Yarmouth ..... 80  
Cadet A. Murrough, St. John I ..... 78  
Capt. McDonald, Westville ..... 77  
Adjt. Byers, New Glasgow ..... 75  
Lieut. Meikle, Newcastle ..... 75  
Cadet Cameron, St. John I ..... 73  
Capt. Lamont, Halifax I ..... 72  
Lieut. Wyatt, Hampton ..... 72  
Capt. Bradbury, Fredericton ..... 70  
Bro. Reid, St. John I ..... 70  
Lily Santica, Hamilton ..... 65  
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor ..... 65  
Capt. Piercy, Sydney ..... 65  
Capt. F. Knight, Woodstock ..... 64  
Capt. C. Allen, Kentville ..... 62  
Lieut. Martin, Somerset ..... 60  
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I ..... 60  
Father Armstrong, St. John III ..... 60  
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown ..... 60  
Capt. McEachern, St. John II ..... 60  
Ensign Larder, Glace Bay ..... 58  
Capt. Miller, Sackville ..... 55  
Lieut. Armstrong, North Head ..... 55  
Ensign Wright, Chatham ..... 54  
Lieut. Ebsary, Carleton ..... 51  
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay ..... 50  
Sec. Howe, St. George's ..... 50  
Sergt. Diuah Virgil, Southampton ..... 50  
Ensign Ebsary, Annapolis ..... 50  
Capt. J. Laws, St. Stephen ..... 50  
Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen ..... 50  
Vene Lebans, Fredericton ..... 47  
Mary Ferguson, Pictou ..... 47  
Lieut. Taylor, Halifax II ..... 46  
Capt. Davis, Dartmouth ..... 45  
Sister E. Ramey, Bridgetown ..... 44  
Sister A. Ramsey, Bridgetown ..... 44  
Cadet McLean, St. John I ..... 42  
Lieut. Pemberton, St. John II ..... 40  
Lottie Smith, Halifax II ..... 40  
Sergt. Mrs. Salters, Hamilton ..... 40  
Lieut. Mowbray, Sussex ..... 40  
Tilley Netting, North Sydney ..... 40  
Ensign Fraser, Moncton ..... 40  
Lieut. Hebb, Fairville ..... 40  
Capt. Fleming, Somerset ..... 40  
Sergt. Mrs. Vine, Halifax I ..... 37  
Mrs. Wade, Hampton ..... 36  
Eliza Kent, Bear River ..... 35  
Capt. J. Green, Pictou ..... 35  
Sergt. Pettis, New Glasgow ..... 35  
Sergt. Aldrich, New Glasgow ..... 35  
Sergt. Place, Hampton ..... 35  
Capt. Perry, North Sydney ..... 35  
Cadet McWilliams, St. John III ..... 34  
Mrs. Ensign Larder, Glace Bay ..... 33  
Sergt. May Selig, Halifax II ..... 33  
Capt. Pittman, Houlton ..... 32  
Sec. Mrs. Pike, North Sydney ..... 32  
Cadet Tate, Carleton ..... 31  
Cadet Urquhart, St. John V ..... 31  
Capt. Doyle, Sydney Mines ..... 30  
Sergt. D. Long, Summerside ..... 30  
Sergt. Anderson, Somerset ..... 30  
Lizzie Jones, St. John III ..... 30  
Sergt. Lodge, Hamilton ..... 30  
Mrs. Ming, Hamilton ..... 30  
Mrs. W. Lyons, Fredericton ..... 28  
Lieut. Leadley, Stellarton ..... 27  
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown ..... 26  
Mother England, Chatham ..... 26  
Sister Burgess, Halifax I ..... 26  
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow ..... 25  
Sergt. Warren, Houlton ..... 25  
Sister White, Carleton ..... 25  
Fanny Adams, St. John V ..... 25  
George Grant, Somerset ..... 25  
Capt. Jackson, Newcastle ..... 25  
Sergt. A. Smith, Hamilton ..... 25  
Bessie Musgrave, North Sydney ..... 25  
Cadet Jones, St. John I ..... 25  
Sergt. Susie Holden, Windsor ..... 25  
Cadet Sharham, Windsor ..... 25  
Capt. Fancey, Hillsboro ..... 25  
Lieut. Brown, Hillsboro ..... 25  
Myrid England, Chatham ..... 24  
Treas. Allan, Yarmouth ..... 23  
Rose Wrigley, Pictou ..... 22  
Sec. Churchill, Woodstock ..... 22  
Maud Wilson, Halifax II ..... 22

Mrs. Gibbs, Charlottetown ..... 21  
Sergt. Alice Garrity, Woodstock ..... 20  
Susie Burrell, Bear River ..... 20  
Mrs. Jas. Symonds, Clark's Harbor ..... 20  
Mrs. McDowell, Dartmouth ..... 20  
Charlie McKay, Moncton ..... 20  
Sister Rodgers, St. John III ..... 20  
S.-M. Chandler, St. John III ..... 20  
Sister Rachael, Summerside ..... 20  
Corps Cadet Day, Glace Bay ..... 20  
Dolly Moore, Annapolis ..... 20  
Sergt. Jessie Irons, Windsor ..... 20  
Treas. Casbin, Halifax I ..... 20  
Alice Ramey, Clark's Harbor ..... 20

#### THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

##### CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

93 Hustlers.

Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Newmarket ..... 80  
Adjt. Wiggins, Lindsay ..... 70  
Sister Pearce, Temple ..... 65  
Easign Williams, St. Catharines ..... 64  
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville ..... 58  
Capt. Kivell, Parry Sound ..... 55  
Lieut. Edwards, Feversham ..... 50  
Capt. Bowers, Midland ..... 50  
Capt. Crawford, Owen Sound ..... 50  
Lieut. Crawford, Owen Sound ..... 50  
Lieut. Greavett, North Bay ..... 50  
Capt. Culbert, North Bay ..... 50  
Capt. Poole, Dovercourt ..... 50  
Mrs. Medlock, Temple ..... 50  
Lieut. Cooper, Chesley ..... 46  
Bro. Thos. Barger, Bracebridge ..... 47  
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside ..... 46  
Capt. Hauna, Aurora ..... 45  
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury ..... 45  
Lieut. McLennan, Sudbury ..... 45  
Capt. Charlton, Barrie ..... 44  
Cand. L. Jago, Barrie ..... 42  
Lieut. Carwardine, Bowmanville ..... 41  
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside ..... 40  
Sister Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I ..... 40  
Capt. Matthews, Lisgar St. ..... 40  
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines ..... 40  
Treas. Mrs. Killingbeck, Lindsay ..... 40  
Capt. Sherwin, Huntsville ..... 35  
Lieut. Bone, Huntsville ..... 35  
Capt. Gammidge, Dundas ..... 35  
Capt. Connors, Dundas ..... 35  
Cadet Croser, Lippincott ..... 34  
Capt. White, Riverside ..... 34  
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines ..... 33  
Cadet Bishop, Temple ..... 32  
Capt. M. Lott, Omemee ..... 31  
Capt. Fisher, Ahmic Harbor ..... 30  
Capt. Crego, Ahmic Harbor ..... 30  
Capt. Capper, Collingwood ..... 30  
Capt. Wicks, Gravenhurst ..... 30  
Bro. Smith, Midland ..... 30  
Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville ..... 30  
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville ..... 30  
Sister Maud Geddis, Fenelon Falls ..... 30  
Capt. Nelson, Brampton ..... 30  
Adjt. Cameron, Bracebridge ..... 30  
Bro. Case, Hamilton I ..... 30  
Sister Mrs. Lighthead, Hamilton I ..... 30  
Sister Mrs. Bentley, Hamilton I ..... 30  
Cadet Marskell, Temple ..... 29  
Cadet McGregor, Temple ..... 28  
Capt. McCann, Oshawa ..... 28  
Lieut. Parker, Oshawa ..... 28  
Sister Lepord, Collingwood ..... 28  
Capt. Dales, Fenelon Falls ..... 28  
Adjt. Moore, Hamilton I ..... 27  
Bro. C. Gooda, Farm ..... 26  
Cadet Groombridge, Temple ..... 26  
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I ..... 25  
Capt. Meeks, Brooklyn ..... 25  
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton II ..... 25  
Sister Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt ..... 25  
Cadet Reynolds, Lippincott ..... 25  
Cadet Peacock, Lippincott ..... 25  
Cadet Lamb, Lippincott ..... 25  
Sergt. Matheson, Lippincott ..... 25  
Sergt. Emily Howell, Riverside ..... 25  
Lieut. Calvert, St. Catharines ..... 25  
Capt. Rennie, Orillia ..... 25  
Lieut. Craig, Orillia ..... 25  
Lieut. Stickells, Midland ..... 24  
Capt. Huskinson, Midland ..... 23  
Capt. Liston, Uxbridge ..... 23  
Sister Mrs. Hinton, Newmarket ..... 22  
Sister Miss Henderson, Hamilton I ..... 21  
Cadet Fennacy, Temple ..... 21  
Cadet Plant, Temple ..... 21  
Cadet Turner, Temple ..... 21  
Sister Maudie Wessler, Hamilton I ..... 20  
Sister L. Richards, St. Catharines ..... 20  
Sister T. Gee, Hamilton II ..... 20  
Father Curry, Hamilton II ..... 20  
Sister Sherwood, Collingwood ..... 20  
Lieut. Jackson, Orangeville ..... 20  
Sister Carden, Yorkville ..... 20  
Bro. W. Glover, Owen Sound ..... 20  
Bro. Dault, Sudbury ..... 20  
S. M. Mrs. Tuck, Lisgar St. ..... 20  
Sister Mrs. Bowbeer, Lisgar St. ..... 20  
Sister Mrs. Brown, Huntsville ..... 20  
Capt. Cornish, Brampton ..... 20  
Sergt. Mrs. Mays, Bracebridge ..... 20

##### NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

42 Hustlers.

Cadet Nuttal, Winnipeg ..... 100  
Capt. E. Anderson, Jamestown ..... 90  
Lieut. Cook, Brandon ..... 88  
Capt. McKay, Devil's Lake ..... 71  
Mrs. Gilliam, Minot ..... 66  
Lieut. Dunster, Valley City ..... 60  
Cadet McRae, Winnipeg ..... 60  
Capt. Myers, Edmonton ..... 58  
Capt. Forsberg, Fort William ..... 57  
Lieut. Wick, Lethbridge ..... 56  
Lieut. D. Cusitar, Carberry ..... 50  
Cadet McLeod, Medicine Hat ..... 50  
Mrs. Ensign Habkirk, Rat Portage ..... 47  
Lieut. Potter, Edmonton ..... 45  
L. Hammel, Grafton ..... 45  
Ensign Taylor, Regina ..... 44  
Capt. Livingstone, Fort William ..... 43  
Ensign Den, Grand Forks ..... 42  
Capt. Hammond, Larimore ..... 41  
Capt. H. Habkirk, Emerson ..... 40  
Lieut. Wilcox, Prince Albert ..... 40  
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg ..... 39  
Capt. Clark, Virden ..... 38  
Cadet Hardy ..... 37  
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Morden ..... 36  
Cadet Hall, Rat Portage ..... 35  
Capt. Cromarty, Selkirk ..... 35  
Sergt. Teeters, Lethbridge ..... 35  
Capt. Smith ..... 34  
Sergt. Mrs. Johnston, Selkirk ..... 33  
D. Rees, Neepawa ..... 27  
Lieut. Draper, Larimore ..... 27  
Capt. Pearce, Moosomin ..... 26  
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks ..... 26  
Bro. Harvey, Valley City ..... 24  
Capt. Braudser, Lisbon ..... 23  
Sergt. S. Chapman, Winnipeg ..... 21  
Lieut. England, Emerson ..... 20  
Lieut. Hangen, Moosomin ..... 20  
Lieut. Lenwick, Virden ..... 20  
Capt. Woodworth, Carberry ..... 20  
Cadet Ferguson, Lisbon ..... 20

##### KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

2 Hustlers.

Lieut. Aikens, Dawson City ..... 340  
Capt. LeGocq, Dawson City ..... 33

##### NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

2 Hustlers.

Lieut. Webber, Greenspond ..... 25  
Sergt. Snook, Carbonear ..... 21

##### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

89 Hustlers.

Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock ..... 220  
Lieut. Fyfe, London ..... 201  
Lieut. Knuckle, Brantford ..... 168  
Lieut. Ringler, Windsor ..... 160  
Capt. Foster, Petrolia ..... 125  
Capt. Hancock, Guelph ..... 115  
Capt. Coe, Sarnia ..... 112  
Capt. Burrows, St. Thomas ..... 100  
Lieut. Hart, Simcoe ..... 100  
Capt. Freeman, Stratford ..... 80  
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Rock, Chatham ..... 76  
Capt. Helman, Chatham ..... 75  
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham ..... 75  
Lieut. Hockin, Norwich ..... 70  
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll ..... 68  
Lieut. Crawford, Goderich ..... 65  
Ensign Greeu, Stratford ..... 65  
Lieut. Malsey, Wingham ..... 64  
Capt. Hawcroft, Berlin ..... 64  
Ensign Slote, Dresden ..... 60

Sergt.-Major Allan, Mitchell	60
Mrs. Wakefield, Forest	60
Capt. Haley, Paris	51
Mrs. Schwartz, Galt	51
Lieut. Stickells, Berlin	51
Capt. Huntington, Leamington	50
Lieut. Cook, Tilsonburg	48
Capt. Heater, Tilsonburg	47
Lieut. Winters, Palmerston	47
Capt. Green, Stratford	46
Capt. Hollett, Hespeler	45
Capt. Carr, Wyoming	44
Lieut. Thompson, Guelph	43
Ensign Scott, Wallaceburg	43
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	40
Lieut. Yeomans, Hespeler	40
Ensign McKenzie, Clinton	40
Sergt.-Major Caldwell, Listowel	40
Capt. White, Bayfield	40
Sergt. Brindley, Goderich	39
Mrs. Adj't. McHarg, Brantford	38
Lieut. Beech, Ingersoll	37
Treas. Mrs. Graham, Thanesville	35
Capt. McDonald, Bothwell	35
P. S. M. Dearling, Hespeler	35
Capt. Pynn, Drayton	35
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	35
Adj't. McAmmond, London	35
Capt. Mathers, Ridgeway	35
Sergt. F. Palmer, London	33
Lieut. Harman, Seaforth	33
Lieut. Crank, Bothwell	30
Bro. McColl, Leamington	30
Mrs. Ensign McLeod, Galt	30
Sister A. O'Donnell, Galt	30
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Clinton	30
Mrs. Capt. Keeler, Petrolia	30
Hattie Erb, Berlin	28
Sister M. Duran, Galt	25
Sister McQueen, London	28
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London	28
Mrs. Coy, Essex	27
Eva Simpson, Guelph	26
Sergt. Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Adj't. Blackburn, Windsor	25
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	25
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	25
Lieut. Kitchen, Ridgeway	25
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	23
Capt. Burton, Ingersoll	22
Mrs. Adj't. McAmmond, London	22
Sister McGuinn, Blenheim	21
Capt. Dowell, Blenheim	20
Bro. Musgrave, Wroxeter	20
Bro. Manyard, Paris	20
Corps Cadet Crawford, Paris	20
Adj't. McHarg, Brantford	20
Bro. Christou, Dresden	20
Sister F. Erb, Berlin	20
Maud Stagg, Wallaceburg	20
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas	20
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	20
Sister Melton, Strathroy	20
Capt. Copeman, Watford	20
Sergt. Butler, London	20
Wesley Graham, London	20
Sergt. Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Lott, Brussels	20
Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	20

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

66 Hustlers.

Capt. McNaney, Ottawa	150
Sergt. Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa	133
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	100
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	100
Capt. Woods, Deseronto	88
Capt. Williams, St. Albans	84
Cadet Hicks, St. Albans	84
Mark Spencley, Peterboro	81
Capt. Stainforth, Cornwall	80
Sergt.-Major Simons, Kingston	76
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	73
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	75
Lieut. Ash, Prescott	75
Treas. Gillian, Renfrew	72
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Port Hope	70
Lieut. Hickman, Napanee	70
Capt. Burtch, Brockville	70
Mary Baker, Napanee	67
Sergt.-Major Perkins, Barre	66
Lieut. Yandaw, Brockville	65
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	62
Bro. Wilbur, Barre	60
Ensign Hill, St. Johnsbury	60
Capt. Dawson, St. Johnsbury	60
Maud McFarlane, Gananoque	55
Lieut. Cook, Coaticook	54
Lieut. Pitcher, Pembroke	50
Ensign Ward, Kingston	50
Sister Wentworth, Kingston	50
Sergt. Richard, Montreal IV	50
Capt. Jones, Montreal II	50
Capt. Downey, Montreal II	50
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	50
Sister Mrs. Wilson, Kemptville	50
Lieut. Pitcher, Arnprior	50
Bro. Moors, Montreal I.	56
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	50
Adj't. Ogilvie, Cornwall	40
Sister Smardon, Montreal I.	40
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	40
Capt. Grose, Trenton	40
Lieut. Ludlow, Burlington	35
Capt. Bearchell, Tweed	35
Sergt. Dine Kingston	33
Capt. Patten, Pearceton	32
Hannah Smith, Peterboro	32
Dad Duquett, Trenton	30
Sister Robertson, Barre	30
Sister Brown, Montreal I.	30
Lieut. Brookets, Montreal I.	30

## EAST ONTARIO and QUEBEC

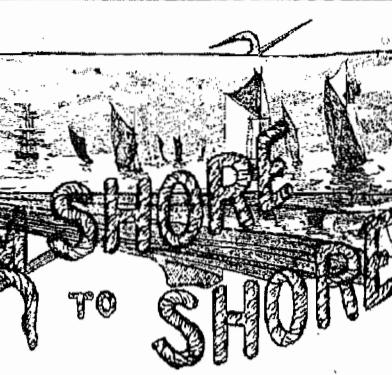
46 Corps—4 Reports.

PEARCETON.—Arrived safely in Pearceton after a very serious time in getting there. In fact, I got lost, but, like a bad penny, turned up after a while. We had a very nice meeting Sunday night. Attendance good. The people here are extremely kind. May God bless them. We are believing for some good times.—Yours to fight, Lieutenant Newell.

TWEED.—Ensign Parker came to our help on Saturday and Sunday. The weather was very wet on Saturday night, which interfered with our crowd considerably, but we who were present enjoyed the lantern service and talking machine service, which, by the way, behaved itself in a more satisfactory manner than I ever knew it to do before, speaking and singing clearer. But Sunday's meetings were all right. After a visit to the Juniors the Ensign's spiritual appetite seemed to increase, and afternoon and night services were crowned by four back-sliders, one sinner, and one soldier seeking and, we believe, obtaining God's blessing.—Capt. and Mrs. Bearchell.

BROCKVILLE.—Dark, muddy walk to cottage meeting, but in spite of all the difficulties we had a good time and three dear sisters got saved.—Ida Fulford.

Mrs. Hippern, Montreal II



## SEVEN DAYS' SYNOPSIS

OR,

## The Week's News Digested for Busy People.

Newfoundland is getting in trim for the winter's fight. Carbonear reports the homecoming of fishers from Labrador, where they have put in a soul-saving summer while at their fishing. —The criticising question, do we still get hold of the hard cases? is answered by Lewiston, where a whiskey-fiend has recently got gloriously converted.—Victoria seems to be a centre of Naval Salvation just now. Saved sailors from vessels in port there are doing splendid service in the meetings.—Skagway is going ahead. The high anticipations entertained at its opening are being justified. Already our Flag has excited a holiness revival amongst the churches, and some big sinners have found salvation at our own barracks.—Montreal reports the return of an ex-Sergt.-Major and the glowing condition of the War Cry sales, which the commanding officer attributes to the exertions of a pushing Publication Sergt.-Major.—The total number reported at the penitent form this week is sixty-one.—The figures at the head of each Province, viz.: the number of corps found in each, and the number of reports sent up from the same, in face of the fact that there is a Regular Correspondent authorized at nearly every corps, shows a deficiency which we commend to the consciences of the latter.

MONTREAL I.—Adjutant arrived home from furlough and Anniversary meetings on October 18th, much refreshed in body from rest, and more so in soul after those never-to-be-forgotten councils. On Thursday night Major and Mrs. Hargrave conducted a welcome meeting to Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor. There was much music and singing. Mrs. Hargrave treated us to a lovely new song. Mr. Werry, of the Montreal Witness, welcomed the Staff-Captain to Montreal in a most hearty manner. He only voiced the sentiments of all city officers, soldiers and friends. Splendid financial week last week. Crys sold out. To other corps I say: "Get a P. S. M., that is if you can get one anywhere like our P. S. M." Yesterday, first-class day, although it rained. Barracks full at night, the new Chancellor leading, assisted by his wife, who sang very nicely and spoke very earnestly. The next thing is S.-D. Our target will be \$725. Victory, is our motto. Montreal I. is never defeated. Since the date mentioned above three precious souls have been saved, one being an ex-Sergt.-Major.—Adj't. Goodwin.

## NORTH-WEST.

31 Corps—3 Reports.

LISBON, N. D.—We have been having a glorious time in the past two weeks. There have been 11 souls out for salvation and other blessings. Cadet Ferguson and the Regular Correspondent have had their eyes healed by God, and now you see them without glasses. One had her hearing restored, and another her body healed. We had Capt. Stokes, with us for about a week, also Ensign Perry for the weekend.—R. C. C. E. R.

WINNIPEG.—We had a slum meeting last Thursday evening, which was a success. Good meetings all day Sunday. Adj't. Cass led the evening meeting. God's Spirit was in the meeting. At the close one brother knelt at the Cross asking for pardon. We are looking forward to next week, as we expect Lieut.-Colonel Margerets with us.—Jennie Giles, Cadet.

FORT WILLIAM.—Ensign Ottaway with us. Lantern service good. Crowds good. Finances good. Everything encouraging. Two souls on Sunday night. Many convicted.—Capt. Livingstone.

## NEWFOUNDLAND.

48 Corps—2 Reports.

ST. JOHNS II., Nfld.—Sunday was a blessed day to our souls. From the early knee-drill God was with us, and at night eight precious souls stepped from darkness into the beautiful light of God, making a total of 20 since last report. Some real good cases they have been, too.—S. Morgan, for Capt. McLean.

CARBONEAR.—Things are looking brighter around here just now. Our comrades who have been away to Labrador for the summer months are returning, bringing glowing reports of the victories won out there. Sergt. J. Burgess reports a God-glorifying and devil-defeating summer from start to finish. Sunday we gave them a real welcome and went in altogether for a good day.—A. C. Trask, Lieut.

Sergt. Coggins, Kingston

## WEST ONTARIO.

38 Corps—6 Reports.

STRATHROY.—The S. A. knows how to appreciate our nicely-paved streets in Strathroy. Capt. and Mrs. Freeman have taken charge; they have a little boy and a tiny girl. We love them already, and God is blessing their labors. Some have asked our prayers.—Millie Haldane, R. C.

BLENHEIM.—Ensign Hoddinott with us for week-end. Everybody pleased to see their old officer. Saturday night he gave us a beautiful lantern service, which was much appreciated. Notwithstanding a very wet night we had a good crowd. Good meetings Sunday.—Ina Groom.

DRAYTON.—There is a grand revival started here. Seven souls knelt at Jesus' feet this week. Miss C. Hill took charge of lesson last Sunday and gave a beautiful description of Paul, before and after his conversion, and a great impression was left on the hearts of all present.—L. G. Pynn, Capt.

ST. THOMAS.—Glorious meetings on Sunday. Large crowds, good collections, soldiers all on fire for souls. Three souls for the day—one at knee-drill and two at night. Praise God for ever. Monday night's meeting was led by Sister Ceuse. Thursday night we had with us Ensign Hoddinott. The lantern service given by him was very interesting and pathetic.—B. G.

HESPELER.—Since coming here we have had wonderful times; no souls, but quite a number under conviction. Soldiers are going in for more of God. We have had a visit from Adj't. McHarg, and a load of Guelph soldiers with their officers were with us for a meeting.—H. Yeomans, Lieut., for F. Hollett, Capt.

THEDFORD.—Blessed times since last report, demonstrating that God is still with us. Quite a number of souls saved in the last two weeks, both Juniors and Seniors.—T. Ford, R. C.

## CENTRAL ONTARIO.

46 Corps—1 Report.

NEWMARKET.—Ensign and Mrs. Wynn and Capt. "Peck's Bad Boy" our new officers are worthy of the highest possible welcome to our midst. What do you think of this? 110 War Crys. came to this corps, and Mrs. Ensign Wynn sold, all alone, 80 out of that number on Saturday. Bravo! The Crys. were all sold and many people had to be disappointed because they could not get one. We are believing that the good work will continue. We can report two souls for Sunday.—Aux. (Ernest Enterprise sends his gilt edged remarks to Mrs. Wynn.—Ed.)

## PACIFIC.

28 Corps—2 Reports.

LEWISTON.—Day of victory yesterday. A whiskey fiend for over thirty years staggered out to the penitent form and got blessedly saved, went home, had two hours in bed, turned up at night and gave a clear testimony to the power of God to save. Soldiers fought well and are a most beautiful lot of fellows.—Capt. Sheard, Lieut. Saint.

VICTORIA.—Splendid meeting led by the Blue Jackets Thursday evening. Bro. Prinn, from the H. M. S. Phaeton, led, assisted by sailors of the Phaeton and the Flagship Warspite. Bro. Prinn is Brigade Sergeant of the Army and Navy League, and made a splendid Captain on Thursday night, with his concertina and bagpipes. They had a beautiful open-air. It was quite a novelty to see so many sailors, and as they had the meeting all to themselves, they made the most of it. We have quite a few sailors, and they are earnest, godly lads. It must take some spiritual backbone to stand up for Jesus in a ship like the Warspite, with about 600 souls on board. We have also had a week-end visit from Mother Langtry, and her talks have been a blessing to our souls. Mrs. Alward is still here, and is doing her best for the Kingdom. A few souls have come forward. Bandsman Townsend has been very ill for some time. We are glad to see he is improving, and hope he will soon be able to take his place in the band again.—M. L.

## GAZETTE.

## Promotions—

ENSIGN FRASER, of Moncton, N.B., to be ADJUTANT.  
Capt. Knight, of Woodstock, to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. McDonald, of Eastern Province, to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Sabine, of Summerside, to be ENSIGN.  
Lieut. Hockin, of Norwich, to be Captain.  
EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Field Commissioner.

## My Journal.

By THE GENERAL.

Saturday, October 14th.

The influenza cold, contracted on the night journey from Berwick, a week back, still hangs about me. But this little trouble does not excuse me from duty. Sheffield is the post assigned to me for to-night and the coming Sunday, and, accordingly, for Sheffield I am bound.

## Sheffield

Sunday, 15th.

We have had very heavy meetings. The Sergeants' and soldiers' meetings last night tried my strength. The Albert Hall has been a greater strain on me in every way than it has seemed to be before; but God has wonderfully helped me through, as is His blessed custom, giving a great blessing to hundreds—I think I may say thousands. We had large crowds, holy influences, rousing responses, and 183 at the penitent form. To God be all the glory!

## Doncaster.

Monday, 16th.

Doncaster, of racing notoriety, comes next. The saying, "Never prophesy unless you know," has been justified to-day. Years ago I had a heavy struggle here, toiled hard and caught very little, and I cherished, I must confess, only very faint expectations as to the results of this visit. However, the meetings, for numbers, influence, and souls, proved a very agreeable surprise. The Exchange, a large, imposing and high-sounding building, had some seven or eight hundred people in it in the afternoon, while every seat was occupied in the evening.

The evening that followed was mighty. God seemed to pour His truth through my lips. We had a good prayer meeting, and forty-seven seeking salvation for the day.

## The War.

This horrid South African war sits dreadfully on my heart. The figure of the fine athletic Reserve-man who stood by my side on the platform on Sunday night, clapping or lifting his hands with closed eyes and throbbing heart, as he joined in prayer for another soul, will be off to the war to-day. The thought of the thing haunts me day and night. Oh, God! how long, how long must this horrid business last? When, O Thou Prince of Peace, wilt Thou come and reign in the hearts of men? Salvation is the remedy! Let us push the salvation war. That is the Royal antidote.

## Barnsley.

Tuesday, 17th.

We had a fine afternoon audience in the Public Hall, and were crowded out at night. All seemed to go well for a great victory in the afternoon. But the results were comparatively small, and at night the disappointment was greater still. Perhaps the reason was in the want of my usual liberty of utterance, for, somehow, I could not get my heart into a victorious mood. Oh! that preaching was a fight. Still, I stood to my guns, and made the crowd, composed mostly of men, understand God's will concerning them. We had thirty-three at the Mercy-Seat for the two meetings.

## Harrogate.

Wednesday, 18th.

Now for Harrogate. I have been in this beautiful and comfortable Health Resort of well-circumstanced people

before, but never had the privilege of preaching salvation in it. I must say that I rather relished the prospect of doing so to-day, and hoped for victory. We had good audiences, packed out again at night in our own beautiful little barracks; the attention was excellent, being only marred by the heated state of the building. Somebody, I suppose, wanted to make the place comfortable, and so made it all but inendurable. What I have to suffer on this question of ventilation! Is there no deliverance? Will not some architect take pity on me, and invent some system of getting air into a place without an accompanying draught that kills while it cures? We had a difficult fight, but the shiners hardened their hearts, and either held out against us or ran away. We secured thirty-four from the two meetings.

## Castleford.

Thursday, 19th.

Castleford is a thoroughly working-man's town—you might say neighborhood—for the countryside for miles round is dotted with collieries, glass works, and other similar industries. Trade is good, money plentiful, and, as the result, drinking, gambling, pigeon-fighting, dog-fancying, football, and many other kindred things are rife and abundant.

The Army has a big, comfortable barracks. We were nearly full in the afternoon and gorged at night, one-half the audience being men. I was at home among them in five seconds, and talked with the greatest freedom, and, I think, with no little power.

And yet we only captured thirty-three prisoners. I must confess to being taken aback with the result. I had reckoned, from the first proposal of the visit, on greater things, and had some searchings of heart afterwards as to the reason we did not do better.

The after-meeting at night commenced well. A young fellow deliberately walked from the platform and threw himself down in an agony at the penitent form. I thought it was going to break up the fountains of feeling in the audience—already powerfully moved—and bring about a general yield. But no, nothing of the kind. It is true that two or three others followed, but that was all at the moment, and we sat down to a siege in the regular form.

## Tripped up by Drink.

In the centre of the barracks, early in the evening, Major Cox and Adj't. Barrett fastened on to a young man, who, in an evil hour, had forsaken his Lord. If they had been sons of the same mother they could not have been more tender in dealing with this man, or more in earnest to bring him out of the wilderness back to the fold. He felt his sin deeply, and, shaking from head to foot with emotion, said he wanted to be saved; but, oh! the difficulties to be encountered were too great. The battle must have lasted for over half-an-hour. Here are some of the things he said:

"I'm a backslider. I used to follow God, and was a real good follower. Everybody in the works knew it. Then I backslid, and when they said anything to me about it I made out that salvation was all humbug, and I let them all know I had given it up. Then I went to the drink, and have been drinking hard ever since. Yes, I know I ought to be saved, and I want to be saved, but how can I? If I go to the penitent form, I shall have to face my mates again, and they know all about me. I can't do it now. I'll go out some other time, but not to-night."

My comrades persevered, however, with him for some time longer, and then at last he made up his mind, said, "I'll go," jumped up, and, in his hurry to get to the penitent form, nearly knocked the Adjutant over in the aisle! He got through and came out of the Registration Room afterwards and testified that his backslidings were healed; he had started afresh.

## Lieut.-Colonel Margetts

will visit the

## PACIFIC PROVINCE

and conduct Special Meetings as follows:

Jamestown, N. D., Friday, Nov. 17.

Grand Forks, N. D., Sat. and Sun., Nov.

18, 19.

Fargo, N. D., Monday, Nov. 20.

## Songs of Self-Denial.

## Consecrated to the Cross.

Tune.—Consecration (S.M. I. 201).

1 My body, soul, and spirit, Jesus I give to Thee;  
A consecrated offering, Thine evermore to be.

## Chorus.

My all is on the altar, I'll take it back no more,  
Never, never, never, I'll take it back no more.

2 O Jesu, mighty Saviour, I trust in Thy great name;  
I look for Thy salvation, Thy promise now I claim.

3 Oh, let the fire descending just now upon my soul;  
Consume my humble offering, and cleanse and make me whole.

## Self-Denial Impelled by Love.

Tune.—Hark, the voice (B.B. 57, B.J. 51); Blessed Jesus (B.J. 45).

4 Love divine, from Jesus flowing,  
Loving waters, rich and free,  
Wondrous love, without a limit,  
Flowing from infinity;  
Boundless ocean,  
I would cast myself on Thee.

5 Love surpassing understanding,  
Angels would the mystery scan,  
Yet so tender that it reaches  
To the lowest child of man.  
Let me, Jesus,  
Fuller know redemption's plan.

6 Love that pardons past transgressions,  
Love that cleanses every stain,  
Love that fills to overflowing,  
Yet invites to drink again.  
Precious Fountain!  
Which to open Christ was slain.

7 From my soul break every fetter,  
Thee to know is all my cry;  
Saviour, I am Thine for ever;  
Thine, I'll live, and Thine I'll die.  
Only asking,  
More and more of love's supply.

## If the Cross We Bear.

Tune.—B. J. 53; March through the world (B.J. 78) with old chorus.

8 3 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No! there's a cross for everyone,  
And there's a cross for me.

## Chorus.

If the cross we boldly bear,  
Then the crown we shall wear,  
When we dwell with Jesus there,  
In that bright "For-evermore."

9 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.

10 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus' precious feet,  
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear name repeat.

## Cross Bearers—Crown Wearers.

Tune.—Who'll be the next? (B.B. 16, S.M. I. 507).

11 4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?  
Who'll be the next His cross to bear?

Someone is ready, someone is waiting;  
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?  
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now?

12 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?  
Follow His weary, bleeding feet?  
Who'll be the next to lay every burden  
Down at the Father's Mercy Seat?

13 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?  
Who'll be the next to praise His name?  
Who'll spread the chorus of free redemption?  
Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb!

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?  
Down through the Jordan's swelling tide?  
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,  
Singing upon the other side?

## Nay, but I Yield

Tune.—Nay, but I yield (B.J. 30, S.M. I. 316).

5 6 When shall Thy love constrain,  
And force me to Thy breast?  
When shall my soul return again,  
To her eternal rest?

7 Nay, but I yield, I yield;  
I can hold out no more;  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own Thee conqueror.

8 Ah! what avails my strife,  
My wanderings to and fro?  
Thou hast the words of endless life,  
Ah! whither shall I go?

9 To rescue me from woe,  
Thou didst with all things part;  
Didst lead a suffering life below,  
To gain my worthless heart.

10 And can I yet delay?  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?

## Christ's Supreme Self-Denial.

11 6 When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

12 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast;  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

13 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

14 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Shall have my soul, my life, my all!

## A Grand Old S.-D. Solo.

Tune.—Heaven's a beautiful city (S.M. II. 62).

15 7 How much can you suffer for Jesus?  
In His service how much will you lose?  
At His cross will you still kneel, adoring,  
And the cross which He gives you refuse?

16 I dare, Lord! I dare, Lord!  
I dare do all for Thee.

17 How much will you suffer for Jesus?  
There are plenty His wonders to praise;  
Dare you face the legions of hatred,  
And His down-trodden banner upraise?

18 How much will you suffer for Jesus?  
For the hate of His cause is the same;  
Would you seek to gain by His sufferings,  
Whilst shirking a share in His shame?

19 How much will you suffer for Jesus?  
In the way to the crown He will give?  
There are cruel deceivers and slanders;  
A life on these terms will you live?

20 As smitten, and yet not "forsaken;"  
"Not destroyed," though often "cast down;"  
As "truthful," yet counted "deceivers,"  
Our God will our characters crown!

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# WHY IS HE ...STILL ALIVE?

By BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH.

HERE is no song so sweet, no painting so beautiful, no poem so exquisite, no sermon so true, no story so powerful, no deed so noble, but what there are people who find scores of flaws and faults; they see their disproportions magnified by contrast with the beautiful and the perfect, and they blame it for the former. So when the famous picture of Millet's, "The Man With the Hoe," and later on the poem by Edwin Markham, as the result of it, appeared, in spite of the profound sensation and acclamation of the world, there was a number of critics ready to denounce both. One of the chief accusations brought forward was that the picture degraded the agricultural vocation. This will readily be seen to be incorrect. Not the honorable calling of the farmer, but the dishonorable state of society which permits that, among the people whose labor is most necessary, there should be such an oppression and poor reward for their toil that such human products are the outcome of it, is to be denounced.

#### Your Objections

Oh, it will be said, this man is the outcome of past centuries of cruel oppression and bad government! Supposing he is, the fact that he still exists and is perpetuated every day is against us, the living generation. If we are Christian nations, as we claim to be, then why is he still alive? If we are civilized and boast ourselves of such enlightened education and humane state of society, why then is this man still alive?

You will probably answer, that there are not so many of this type in Canada and the United States. I will admit that in the crowded countries of Europe, especially in the southern parts, he is more numerous, but he does exist in all too great a number on the continent of North America, even to a greater extent than ninety per cent. of my readers know.

You will most likely continue to reason, that he cannot be got rid of until education spreads. Hold on. He has little chance to avail himself of education. He has to help to earn bread as soon as his arm is strong enough to lift a stone to clear the field, or raise the hoe to weed the sparsely tilled ground.

But, I am not in touch with him; I have never seen him; don't know but he may be many miles away from my city; how can I do anything to better his condition, and to improve his children? Well, then, the man with the hoe has relations in the city and town. Look at the blear-eyed drunkard, the low-browed criminal, the coarse-featured sensualist, the vicious, embittered poor, and you will recognize him to be of the same ancestry. Then you have him by your side. What are you doing for him? Why does he exist?

But I cannot do much, you object. There is the government; our laws are being improved; then there are Relief Societies, Temperance Leagues, the churches and the Salvation Army to help these people, to make them better, to improve them and their condition.

Yes, I reply, you are right, but the fact is, the man is with us, and while this is true,

#### You and I are to Blame for It!

Don't let us excuse ourselves; before God and the tribunal of our own conscience, we are all responsible for his existence, and we are responsible for doing away with him. We must make his existence impossible!

What are YOU doing towards accomplishing it? For whatever energy, toil, thought, money, sacrifice or time you may give, God will give you due credit against your debt—for the sins of humanity are your sins, and as a unit of the human race you are debited with your share—but if you give all of those you will have only given enough.

The prophets of God did not parade their righteousness before Him, and ask Him to be merciful unto their people,

people, while thanking Him that they were not like them. No! though their integrity was transparent, they cast themselves in humility before God in the dust, weeping for "our sins," and asking God to blot out "our transgressions."

Ezra rent his garment and fell down before God, when he heard of the sins of the people, and prayed, "O my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to Thee, my God; for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up unto the heavens." We want more people who can blush for the sins of their race and generation.

Nehemiah, although himself in a comfortable and honorable position in the King's palace, was much troubled

proposition. It pays you as a citizen to support liberally an organization which gathers in its halls a weekly audience of 450,000, composed mostly of the masses, in this country, bringing to bear upon them the highest teachings of morality and spirituality, which does a sort of moral police duty, which looks after the outcast, social derelicts, the poor and needy, and so lessens temptations for a class particularly open to vicious and criminal temptations; which make sober thousands of drunkards and so lessens the public expense, while increasing the number of consumers, as well as improving the quality of laborers and artisans and thereby increasing their value to the employer; which helps the discharged prisoner, and so prevents him from continuing a criminal career, endeavoring to turn him into a useful citizen; which clears our streets from the danger to your boy; her whose house is the chamber of hell, and seeks to restore her to virtue and so add to the capital of purity. Is this not a fair and promising business proposition? No, it is more; it has been an excellent, well-paying undertaking. It is too late in the day to require substantiation of this assertion, since men of the highest reputation, the best business ability, renowned

ly loved, honored, or obeyed. Polarity, or action and reaction, is met in every part of nature. If the South attracts, the North repels. General Booth is no exception to the rule that the favors of Ormuz involve the censures of Ahri-

man. "As an onlooker who has watched the Salvation Army for many years in various parts of the world, I am proud to do what a sinner can—as a buttress from the outside, rather than as a pillar from within—to support the great edifice that General Booth and his marvellous family have constructed. Indeed, it is to sinners and to men of the world that this little volume is intended to appeal. We English are so accustomed to abuse our eminent men in language that would be appropriate when employed against hereditary enemies of our race that we do not stop to protest against the squandering of adjectives on good men from whom we slightly differ.

"The grounds for supporting the Salvation Army and its leaders may be briefly summed up. Self-denial is part of their religion, and an object-lesson of Christ's teaching in the first century is presented by their lives in the nineteenth. They are honest to the core. They are working for the good of others. They have effectively dealt with the alcoholic tendencies of the race. They subdue crime; change low lives into higher; and are, in fact, a window on to earth through which the Light of the World is shining."

#### Archdeacon Farrar.

The venerable Archdeacon Farrar, in speaking of the General's Social Scheme, says, after describing the outline of the same in detail:

"The most ignorant and malignant critic cannot but be aware that work like this cannot be carried out unless the funds are forthcoming, which alone can render availing the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice which the Salvation Army has evoked in its humble followers. I, for one, do not blush to own that, when I first read the scheme, I was filled with gratitude and hope. I was filled with gratitude to God that He had called forth a man who was capable of sketching out so large and systematic an effort, and that such a multitude of devoted men and women were willing and able to undertake the desperate task of grappling, shoulder to shoulder, with problems which have hitherto been the shame of our Christianity and of our civilization. I was filled with hope, because it seemed that now, at last, something would be done of which the dreadful and urgent necessity had so long been acknowledged. My sense of gratitude is undiminished. There are myriads, I am sure, in England whose hearts feel for the anguish of the poor; whose pity is not checked by the knowledge that distress is often the retribution of vice and worthlessness; who feel that as Christ was sent to the lost sheep of the House of Israel, all who are His servants should feel the duty of furthering His Kingdom among these, the most miserable of His children. But how few are there of us who are able to render real help otherwise than indirectly! We may help by our poor gifts, but how little are we able to give any other efforts to reclaim the most fallen and uplift the most destitute! Can we, then, be otherwise than grateful that hundreds of good men and women, under the hardest conditions, and on less wages than those of a servant, are willing to bring to bear on the physical and moral degradation of the lapsed masses the personal force of their devoted love?"

We want you to help us, therefore, with your money. We are doing business for the Lord Jesus Christ. In His name we comfort the sick, visit the jails, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, comfort the sorrowing, seek the lost. What will you do to help us to hasten the time when there shall be not left one "man with the hoe?"

#### Giving and Asking.

I like him who can ask boldly without impudence; he has faith in humanity; he has faith in himself. No one who is not accustomed to give grandly can ask boldly.

He who goes round about in his demands, commonly wants more than he wishes to appear to want.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself. There is a princely manner of giving, and of accepting.



THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

"God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him."

B OWNED by the weight of centuries, he leans Upon his hoe, and gazes on the ground, The emptiness of ages in his face, And on his back the burden of the world.

Who made him dead to rapture and despair, A thing that grieves not, and that never hopes,

Stolid and stunned, brother to the ox? Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?

Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow? Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave To have dominion over sea and land?

To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;

To feel the passion of Eternity?

Is this the dream He dreamed Who shaped the And pillars the blue firmament with light?

Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf?

There is no shape more terrible than this—

More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—

More filled with signs and portents for the soul—

More fraught with menace to the universe?

What gulf between him and the seraphim!

Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him

Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?

What the long reaches of the peaks of song, The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose? Through this dread shape the suffering ages look; Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;

Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed, Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,

Cries protest to the Judges of the World,

A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands, Is this the handiwork you give to God? This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?

How will you ever straighten up this shape?

Touch it again with immortality;

Give back the upward looking and the light;

Rebuild in it the music and the dream;

Make right the immemorial infamies,

Perfidious wrongs, immeasurable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,

How will the Future reckon with this Man?

How answer his brute question in that hour?

When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?

How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—

With those who shaped him to the thing he is—

When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,

After the silence of the centuries?

—EDWIN MARKHAM.

about the enslaved condition of his nation, and God enabled him to free the captives and build again the walls of Jerusalem.

The prophets of old did not separate themselves from their people.

They acknowledged their share and gave a life's consecrated effort for the salvation of their generations.

#### So Must We!

This Self-Denial Week furnishes a grand opportunity for a searching of heart, and a renewal of consecration. God must have our all.

You who are unable to give your flesh and blood, your love and life, your toil and tears, you can give that which is much needed—your money! If not from any higher point of view, then consider the Army a business

statesmen and prominent philanthropists have carefully investigated the Salvation Army, and especially the Social work of the Army (Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Arnold White, Sir Walter Besant, Lord Onslow, Mr. Francis Peck, Archdeacon Farrar, and others) and have pronounced them excellent, business-like, thorough, humane, founded on good, sound principles, and the most economical.

Mr. Arnold White, in his preface to a pamphlet entitled "Truth About the Salvation Army," says:

"It will be an evil day for the Salvation Army when all men speak well of it. In religion, as in politics, art, or the higher criticism, violent opposition begets enthusiastic support. I will go further. If a public man be not bitterly hated he cannot be tender-